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ON a par with the worst sentences of the German courts martial during the war was the bestowal of penalties of fifteen years of imprisonment upon Krupp von Bohlen, the head of the Krupp works, and of ten years upon four other directors, together with fines of one hundred million marks upon each of the directors. Indeed, we incline to believe that this procedure is more barbarous than that of the Germans in Belgium, for there was an avowed state of war at that time, and, furthermore, these directors were sentenced because of things they did not do instead of for acts committed. Thus, the prosecutor demanded this incredible sentence of fifteen years in prison because the directors "looked out of the windows upon the mob without taking any steps to stop the demonstration"! The prosecutor also asserted that "the directors, after taking a look at the excited workmen went about their usual business"—and thus we have another crime added to the category. Other German employers will take care not to look out of the window or go about their business hereafter! Of course, the Krupp directors had a perfect reply: The French troops were on the spot and in charge of the proceeding. How were they to know that the lieutenant in charge of the guards would lose his head and turn his machine-guns loose upon a crowd of unarmed men with the resultant murder of fourteen, when a pebble or two came flying in his direction? The man who should have been tried was the lieutenant, not the Krupp directors. All the neutral correspondents in the Ruhr know this.

AS for the court martial itself it was just such another as is portrayed in Bernard Shaw's "Devil's Disciple"—the judges knew that the French High Command was after victims among the German industrialists in pursuance of its effort to break down the pacific resistance, and they did as they were told. If the judge-advocate had asked fifty years in jail, the court would doubtless have voted precisely what was asked. The judges did not allow for the criminal stupidity of the French lieutenant, just as they gave to Krupp von Bohlen no credit for his unexpectedly coming into court when he could have remained safely in Berlin—an act which, if done by anybody but a German, would have set the American press to extolling his courage, nay, his heroism. Instead, the bulk of our press, in striking contrast to English newspapers of all political beliefs, has, with some exceptions, remained ignominiously silent or has approved the sentence. To such an extent are we still blinded by war hatreds and passions! Of course, these sentences will defeat the ends sought precisely as the execution of Edith Cavell, legal as it was, after her confession, according to the laws of war, was an act of the utmost folly and stupidity such as only a military mind is capable of. We have no doubt that General Degoutte, with his military mentality, thinks that he did a great day's work for France when he inflicted these scandalous punishments upon these men. He is mistaken. The entire neutral press of the Continent is bitterly critical, and in consequence increasingly hostile to the French.

MERRILY we move on toward the next war. The British Government has yielded to the fears aroused by the huge fleet of French bombing planes which, 1,200 strong, can be over London two hours after a declaration of war, and it announces that it will "very considerably" augment the Royal British Air Force. Thus we are witnessing in the air, between France and England, a repetition of the former naval rivalry between the Germans and the English, and as in that case, if continued, it will inevitably result in an armed conflict. Preparedness leads nowhere else. So the news, gleefully given out by the French Chief of Artillery, that the French army has now solved the problem of the long-range German Berthas, and is constructing guns able to shoot 93 to 125 miles, will send cold shivers down many British spines, for these guns can now bombard London from a point well inside the French coast line. We are moving straight ahead to the next war to end war, to make the world safe for democracy, with all the rest of the stuff and nonsense the American people swallowed in 1917.

LORD CURZON is having a hard time of it. When he protested against the execution of Monsignor Butchkavich the Soviet Government replied reminding him of the 172 Hindus condemned to death for a trivial offense in

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India—which was very, very rude. Then, when the noble lord found another pretext for wrath in the capture of British fishing-smacks by a Russian gunboat which insisted upon the Russian claim to a twelve-mile territorial limit, and dispatched a red-hot note of protest—a real, smoking, old-fashioned ultimatum—old George Lansbury got up in the House of Commons and fired this salute: "Why don't you send a fleet to America? You are a lot of cowards. You are afraid of America"—which was equally rude, and equally true. And shortly afterward he was attacked in the house of his friends by J. L. Garvin, editor of the London *Observer*, who remarked that Lord Curzon had "acted like a pre-war statesman of the Hohenzollern Age in lumping every sort of miscellaneous grievance in one document and then presenting it to Moscow with a demand for Russia's total and unconditional surrender within ten days." Nor is his note to Germany, which reads less like diplomatic advice than like a stern mama's homily to a small boy who forgot to wash behind his ears, likely to increase his popularity at home. Add to all this clumsiness the fact that the courts have ruled against the Home Secretary who permitted deportation of Republican sympathizers from England to Ireland, and there is ample reason for Mr. Bonar Law to announce that he is "tired."

SECRETARY MELLON is the one member of the Harding Cabinet who makes practically no speeches, eschews politics when he does appear in public, and goes right on, day in and day out, at his task of reorganizing the government's finances. He appears to be by all odds the most effective public official called to Washington by Mr. Harding. Just now he has succeeded in refunding the final instalment of the short-term indebtedness of the government and has had his offering of $400,000,000 oversubscribed one and one-half times. The old short-term debt has now been replaced by new issues of treasury notes of approximately $5,500,000,000, a stupendous operation to put through as quietly and easily as Mr. Mellon has accomplished it. In all of this he has, of course, been helped by the improvement in general business. In October last the indications were that we should end the fiscal year with a deficit of $672,443,231, and this did not include about $125,000,000 of debt requirements; thanks to the revival of prosperity this estimated deficit of $800,000,000 has been wiped out, $200,000,000 by decreased expenditure and the rest from increased income taxes, customs, and other sources. Mr. Mellon, it will be argued, is not responsible for this increased revenue. He would probably claim that much of the credit belongs to him for having insisted on a reduction of the super-taxes which he said would produce a greater actual income revenue. He is now asking for still further reductions while holding out the same promise of greater cash receipts. We hear one serious criticism of Mr. Mellon in addition to those of his financial opponents—that he is not controlling appointments to his Department as he should and that the trained subordinates are rapidly leaving for more lucrative positions.

GOVERNOR PREUS of Minnesota is a modest if not quite a shrinking political violet. To have appointed himself United States Senator to succeed the late Knute Nelson might have seemed to imply a lack of modesty. He has therefore decided to resign as Governor. His friend, Lieutenant Governor Collins, will take his place. The new Governor will then appoint ex-Governor Preus as Senator from Minnesota. Mr. Preus explains in the press that he feels compelled to do this because "the call of the people of our State now is such that it is my duty to respond" and that such action "carries out the wish of Senator Nelson." Governor Preus, however, is cautious as well as modest. He does not intend to resign until the Supreme Court decides that the Governor has the power to appoint the new Senator.

IN all our judicial system there is no more archaic or undemocratic survival of absolutism than the power of judges to punish for contempt of court. It cuts right athwart all modern judicial process, denying trial by jury and often even defense by counsel; it harks back to the ancient theory of *lèse majesté* and the shadowy realms of formalism and autocracy from which we derive our absurd legal verbiage, our judges' robes, and other ridiculous claptrap that serves no possible purpose except to befuddle the public. A judge, it is true, must preserve order in court, and there is some argument for giving him the right to punish offenders summarily, although official inquiries and investigations of countless sorts are satisfactorily conducted every year without any such powers. However this be, it is certain that the power of a judge to punish acts committed outside of the court serves no necessary purpose and should be withdrawn. Disobedience of court orders should be punishable through indictment and jury trial; criticism of judicial decisions should be subject to no restraint other than the protection which every individual has against libel, slander, and the like. We discarded long since the doctrine that the King can do no wrong; it is time to rid ourselves of similar superstition in regard to judges and courts.

THE unwisdom of contempt of court proceedings is brought home at this time by cases which have arisen in Tennessee and in Alabama. The editor of the Memphis *Press* has been fined $300 by Judge Ross of the Federal District Court for an editorial written during the railway shopmen's strike last September. The editorial was a moderately worded protest against the arrest of a labor editor for contempt because his language had been construed as in violation of the notorious injunction obtained by Attorney General Daugherty. The action of Judge Ross is a good example of the kind of power which no court needs and none should have. It is a clear interference with freedom of the press, and must multiply a thousand fold the contempt of court which it is supposed to suppress. In Alabama three members of the editorial staff of the Birmingham *Post* were sentenced to twenty-four hours in jail for publishing certain facts about a man charged with murder that were held to be prejudicial to a fair trial. This is a power strictly exercised in England but of infrequent application here. The purpose is a worthy one, but is it possible in any important trial nowadays to gather a jury consisting of other than imbeciles each member of which has not formed some previous opinion on the case?

WE take off our hats to the American Minister to China, Jacob Gould Schurman. He has kept his head and talked sound common sense at a time when common sense was sorely needed. A reporter asked him "What about foreign participation in the policing of China?" "I do not see why you or anybody else should raise such a question in connection with the capture of foreigners at Linching," he replied. "China is a sovereign nation and when outrages occur

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within the jurisdiction of a foreign nation it devolves upon that nation to devise a means for their protection. It is up to the Chinese to eliminate the banditry in China." "What if China does not?" the reporter asked. "If China does not eliminate the banditry the Chinese people will suffer infinitely more than any foreign nation. . . . For every dozen foreigners carried off there were one or two hundred Chinese, and if similar outrages occur in the future the sufferings will fall on the Chinese people themselves in these or still greater proportions." These are singularly cool, sane, *human* words. We congratulate Dr. Schurman on his words and China on his presence at the critical moment, but still more we congratulate the United States.

CALIFORNIA prisons hold 52 members of the I.W.W., convicted under the anti-syndicalism law, while several hundred more have just been arrested in San Pedro. But "direct action" is merely amusing when practiced by raisin growers. The San Francisco *Chronicle* has a facetious account of the recent drive for funds to finance the Sun-Maid raisin boosters, proving "the Fresno boast that every raisin contains its iron." Of one man who declined to sign the contract it is recorded:

> The crowd of superheated growers coyly draped a rope around the recalcitrant chap's clavicle and led him to one of the banks of the San Joaquin, which, it may be mentioned in passing, is one of the most prominent rivers hereabouts. The recalcitrant grower, standing on the bank of the river, reiterated his refusal to sign up. As one man the superheated growers tossed him gaily overboard, permitted him to bathe for a brief period, and then hauled him ashore. Again the fountain pen was placed in the rebel's hands. Again he spurned it. Again he was propelled into the waters of the placid San Joaquin. This time the bather was allowed a longer time in which to disport himself in the cool liquid. When hauled ashore a second time the rebel was still firm in his refusal to sign up, but not quite so firm. A third time he was tossed into the river with the rope still caressing his Adam's apple, and a third time he was allowed to soak. When hauled ashore for the third time the rebel stood up, shook the water from his eyes and hair like a water spaniel and "voluntarily" signed up.

In another instance a man's grape vines were destroyed as a bit of pleasant persuasion, while a Negro was visited by a crowd carrying a new hemp rope. Evidently in California it is healthier to be a Sun Maid than an I.W.W.

IT is impossible to wax passionate over all the tilts with an unsympathetic world in which Mr. Upton Sinclair engages. It is hard for a mere editor even to keep track of them. Yet we admire his tireless energy and we recognize him as a vital force against corruption and injustice. Recently he has been fighting battles in points as far asunder as Vienna and Pasadena. In Vienna he has been awarded 500,000 crowns damages—enough at present prices to buy several pounds of sugar—from Dr. Max Hussarek because the latter in reviewing one of Mr. Sinclair's books called the author "a knave." In Pasadena Mr. Sinclair has had a bout with Mr. W. J. Burns, the Old Sleuth of the Department of Justice. We recall that two characters in one of Barrie's stories developed a bosom friendship through a common dislike of rice pudding; likewise we warm to Mr. Sinclair in common disapproval of Old Sleuth Burns. Mr. Sinclair was to have addressed the University Club of Pasadena, but the invitation was withdrawn, according to report, because Mr. Burns gave warning that the author of "The Goose-Step" was an enemy of the United States. When challenged with this, Old Sleuth Burns replied, as quoted by the United Press, that if he had said anything against Mr. Sinclair it was "as a private citizen and not as a government official." Well, if the Old Sleuth is correctly quoted, we are compelled to conclude, as private citizens and not as responsible editors, that Mr. W. J. Burns is a pitiful welcher and an unmitigated bounder. Incidentally, the indefatigable New York police have just arrested the twenty-sixth suspect in the Wall Street explosion case, and Old Sleuth Burns has reiterated, as on previous occasions, that he has solved the mystery and knows all about it. Sh-sh!

A DOZEN people in France decided last year that "with conditions as they were they were not willing to sit still and do nothing." They got hold of a cottage near the sea, began inviting others to collaborate with them, and the Honfleur Conference—a three weeks' summer school whose emphasis is upon "modern history and economics . . . and various phases of the international movement"—came into being. The mayor of Honfleur offered a vacant convent for use of the school if it overflowed the "lecture-hall" built in the garden; a lawyer refused a fee; a neighboring landowner offered the use of his garden and library; the faculty is made up of volunteers. Mary Kelsey, Short Hills, New Jersey, is secretary of the conference, which has faith that "a world of happiness is not beyond human power to create; the obstacles imposed by inanimate nature are not insuperable. The real obstacles lie in the hearts of men, and the cure for these is a firm hope informed and fortified by thought. . . ." We wish that for every summer military camp pock-marking the United States there would be encamped from Orono to Berkeley interested groups of young students informing themselves in the Honfleur manner.

THE Pulitzer prizes for 1922 were, on the whole, awarded for work of genuine merit. The prize-winners are: the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, for courage in handling news relating to the Ku Klux Klan; William Allen White, for his editorial letter to Governor Allen during the shopmen's strike; Alva Johnson, for his excellent reports in the New York *Times* of the Cambridge convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; Willa Cather, for her novel, "One of Ours"; Owen Davis, for his play "Icebound"; Charles Warren, for "The Supreme Court in United States History"; Burton J. Hendrick, for "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page"; Edna St. Vincent Millay, for verse. Under the terms of the trust the judges are bound by ethical considerations, except in the case of the poet! The prize editorial must "influence public opinion in the right direction." The biography must teach "patriotic and unselfish services to the people." The play must raise "the standard of good morals, good taste, and good manners." And so on. The purpose of the founder was noble. It is probably an encouragement to any author, especially to a young and sincere one, to receive an unexpected windfall. Moreover, the announcement of the awards gives publicity to good work. It is a question whether any of these prizes, the Pulitzer prizes, the *Dial* prize, or the several prizes given in France, have much effect in promoting good literature. The judges, being human, may make mistakes. We have our doubts about the value of "The Life and Letters of Walter Page," and about one or two other of the awards. But let there be no caviling. Heartiest congratulations to the winners!

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The Protest of the Outraged Dead

SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, it appears, has stirred all London. The Imperial War Museum had commissioned him to paint a conventional picture of the "Hall of Peace" at Versailles, showing the meeting of the beribboned diplomats, the decorated, uniformed field-marshals, and the statesmen, in all thirty-nine, who had helped to plunge the world into its misery, had fought the war, and did not know how to extricate humanity from the resultant mess. When Sir William sat down to this task the artist, the man, and the soldier in him revolted. Something, he says, mastered him and compelled him to wipe out the beginnings he had made and paint instead what ought to be the historic picture of that conference—the coffin of an unknown British soldier guarded by two dead soldiers, not conventional corpses but corpses with the ghastly green color human bodies assume when they have been exposed a few days. Naturally, official London is scandalized. It wants perpetuated for the deluding of future generations the men who continued the war at Versailles, who, because of their folly, stupidity, and short-sightedness, did almost as much injury to the world by the infamous treaty, which they fathered, sponsored, and compelled at the point of the pistol, as did the war itself. We could think of no more fitting representation of the Peace Conference than Sir William Orpen's, save that he might have made a background of beseeching women and children condemned to death by the Treaty of Versailles because of the disorganization of Europe which that treaty ordained and because of the brutality and ruthlessness of its enforcement.

The editors of *The Nation* have been profoundly stirred by the cabled reports of Sir William Orpen's painting because two of them stood and looked upon that utterly discouraging scene when the Peace Conference met for the first time. The hearts of some onlookers were not uplifted by the panoply, the glitter, the pomp, nor even by the oratory. For this gathering was chiefly composed of the "old gang" in ceremonial clothes, with those in control who had stood for the deadly European alliances, the balance of power, the secret treaties, the refusal to make peace while peace could still be made before Europe was exhausted. There were many death's heads surmounting uniforms in that solemn hall! More than that, Greed, Hate, Envy, and Vengeance sat at the head table to the right and left of Clemenceau, while Charity, Forgiveness, Good-Will, Human Kindliness, Benevolence knocked at the doors in vain. Bayoneted guards barred their way. Among all the illustrious assembled to heal a desolated world there was no poilu, no Tommy to speak for those ranks that died by the million because of the crimes of statesmen; no laboring man, not a single woman, not even a representative of the beaten enemy. Only the highest generals who were so safe far behind the lines spoke for the fighters. What wonder that one's heart sank? What wonder that the Conference degenerated at once into an occasional gathering to approve the acts of five old men meeting in secret?

No, no, to paint such a scene required something utterly different from a photographic portrayal of the stranglers of Europe around their council table. Time has proved that this was but a gathering to flout the dead and to despoil them of the aims and ideals for which they died. Ghosts and corpses? No wonder that they rose before Sir William's eyes and compelled his crystalline honesty to erase the figures of the men who should be perpetuated in no museum, but should rather be held up to scorn and to shame, and made him put upon his canvas decomposing figures of outraged dead. Indeed, we believe that if Sir Conan Doyle could really give us a composite photograph of the faces of the martyred, their expressions of agony because they died in vain might explain something of the miracle of Sir William's brush.

Our readers will, we hope, understand why we write thus on the fourth anniversary of the publication of the worst of treaties. They will even, we trust, forgive us if we remind them that *The Nation* spoke just four years ago of this pact of aggression and of ruin as "The Madness of Versailles." For the sake of recalling the record, not for any pride in successful prophecy, we take these passages from that editorial of May 17, 1919:

> It would be idle now to mince words. The meaning of the treaty is obvious. After nearly five years of strenuous effort and high expectancy, the hopes of the peoples have been destroyed. The progress of democracy as either a theory or a practice of social righteousness has been suddenly and forcibly checked. The great reforms which were to substitute the rule of people for the rule of governments, abolish war as a means of aggression or of settling international disputes, break down alliances and balances of power, put secret diplomacy under the ban, do away with discriminating tariffs, establish the right of self-government for all peoples who desired it and were fit to exercise it, and bind the nations in a world league in which all would enjoy equal rights and equal opportunity, have been checked in their progress. In place of these helpful things of which patriots had dreamed, and which the peoples of the world for one brief moment imagined they were about to grasp, there has been enthroned at Versailles an arrogant and self-sufficient autocracy of five Great Powers, two of which are practically at the mercy of the other three; an autocracy owning no authority save its own will, deliberating in secret, parceling out privileges and territory as best serves its own interests, turning a deaf ear to protests and closing its eyes to facts, observing no sounder principles than those of political compromise, and ordering all things by its own self-centered notions of how the peoples may best be controlled.
>
> . . . It is well that the line should at last be clearly drawn, for with the publication of the German treaty the real battle for liberty begins. All that has gone before—the overthrow of Czardom in Russia, the constitutional struggle in Germany, the establishment of a soviet government in Hungary, the revolt against tyranny or constraint in all quarters of the globe—are only the preliminaries of the great revolution to whose support the friends of freedom must now rally everywhere. Less and less, as that struggle widens, will the world have place for either liberals or conservatives; Versailles has forced men into two main camps, the radicals and the reactionaries. Heaven grant that the revolution may be peaceful, and that it may destroy only to rebuild! Whatever its course, it is the peoples who have been deluded and ignored who will play the leading part, for with the appalling example of Mr. Wilson and the Peace Conference before their eyes, the peoples will have small use for any leadership save their own. This is the scene which the moral collapse at Versailles opens to the world, this the promised land toward which the peoples of the world will now press with all their strength. With Germany crushed and autocracy enthroned, with the strong hand of power at the throat of liberty, the battle opens which is to make men free.

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Mexico *vs.* Mr. Hughes

"NEITHER internal nor external interests will force me to change my course," President Obregon told the Agrarian Congress of Mexico the other day. Whereupon the congress passed resolutions calling for a continuation of the struggle for division of the great landed estates among the small farmers. We hope and believe that the agrarian policy of the Mexican Government will continue whatever demands may be made at the Mexican-American conference which Mr. Hughes has called into being. Throughout their long controversy with the Government of the United States President Obregon and his associates have stood for a generous conception of human rights, and our own Government for an antiquated conception of the supremacy of the "rights" of private property.

Mr. Hughes admitted two years ago that "the fundamental question . . . is the safeguarding of property rights against confiscation." Current press reports from Washington indicate that his instructions to the American commissioners reiterate virtually the same point. His excuse for non-recognition ever since his arrival in office has been purely and simply the refusal of the Obregon Government to accept his own conception of the sacrosanct character of private property rights.

Upon that issue there can be no hesitation. *The Nation* believes today, as it believed two years ago, that

> Mexico has the right to adopt a confiscatory policy if she chooses, provided she treats everybody alike; and that if she took every blessed oil-well and every American-owned acre in Mexico it would still not call for the shedding of a single drop of American or Mexican blood"—

or, we might add today, of a single drop of diplomatic ink. Mexico's law is not confiscatory but it would not matter if it were. What Mexico enacts as her laws is her business. The United States may demand equal treatment for Americans, but it has no right to dictate what the law shall be.

We would go further still. We wish that our own Government, instead of granting Teapot Dome oil leases to private speculators, would learn from President Obregon. The oil deposits in the United States have been recklessly exploited with no thought except to immediate private profit in a way which future generations will only too bitterly rue. As the *Christian Science Monitor* puts it,

> private individuals, above all a great monopolistic corporation, have found in this natural wealth bestowed upon all mankind by the Creator a source of enormous profit, while the people as a whole have been debarred from any share in it. The present Mexican Government, having had an opportunity to observe what has been done with oil and other minerals in the United States, is striving to save some portion of this natural benefacti n for its people.

In that struggle our sympathies are unreservedly with the Mexican Government. Individual officials have doubtless overstepped the bounds of equal justice; such mistakes may be corrected—that is a matter to be settled in Mexico. Certain owners may suffer more than others who were lucky or skilful enough to anticipate new developments of the law. That always happens. But the cry of "confiscation" does not alarm us. We remember that the greatest act of confiscation in the history of the American continent was Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation and that the Prohibition Amendment comes second to it; we know that our late allies have forced Germany to a capital levy and that even England is facing the possibility of a levy in that citadel of private property; we know that the war itself, brought upon Europe and the world by a few such sticklers for national rights as grace our State Department, trails in its wake a burden of taxation which is virtual confiscation upon a far larger scale than Mexico has ever proposed.

The much-criticized Mexican statute provides for compensation for lands expropriated at their assessed valuation plus 10 per cent. Compensation, to be sure, is sometimes slow in coming. This may seem very close to confiscation. But the old order sometimes so incrusts itself that progress is impossible without action which defies the slow processes of traditional law. The monopolistic control of natural resources by private interests may become a menace even in this country and may need a strenuous shaking off. Our own New York State rent laws passed a year and a half ago were virtual confiscation of a part of the income of landed property, yet our courts have confirmed their equitability. When landed estates run into the millions of acres, as they did in Mexico, strong means become necessary if the democratic state is not to be destroyed. We confess to a certain pleasure in reading the text of such a decree as that which expropriated the lands of Luis Terrazas:

> Whereas, Señor Don Luis Terrazas now possesses more land than any other person in the republic, since his estates cover more than five million acres in the state of Chihuahua;
>
> Whereas, a large part of this property is at present uncultivated and abandoned, and its owner is making no effort to make it productive;
>
> Whereas, it is the policy of the Federal Government to procure by all legal means the subdivision of the estates which do not constitute a so irce of production . . .
>
> (Señor Terrazas's lands, except those which he is himself cultivating, are expropriated at the valuation registered in the land-tax office, plus 10 per cent.)

Señor Terrazas, as it happens, is a Mexican. We should complain no more if he were an American. If Mr. Hughes watches the currents blowing across Eastern and Southeastern Europe he knows that the movement to divide up the great landed estates is perhaps the strongest popular movement in Europe today, and that where huge estates have been passed down from generation to generation, and toll exacted from generations of oppressed land-workers, the movement is such a current of history as cannot be stopped.

We would not stop it. Dr. Gruening elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation* hails the Obregon revolution as the first non-political revolution on this continent. Despite all its excesses and shortcomings, it is one of the most significant movements of our time. If recognition requires abandonment of its principles we must agree with Dr. Gruening that non-recognition is most desirable. A true loyalty to our country in these days requires a repudiation of many policies of its Government. For three years it has done its best to sabotage Mexico, it still holds Haiti and Santo Domingo under the marine thumb, it has just made a mockery of the Pan-American Conference at Santiago by its refusal to discuss forward steps with the Latin-American Powers. It may be lucky for Mexico that it has so long escaped the contamination of recognition by Mr. Hughes.

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The I.W.W. Close the Saloons

OUT in the West the I.W.W. are on strike. The longshoremen have been striking, and so have the lumberjacks. The newspapers paid very little attention to the strike—except for the usual daily bulletins announcing its failure—until some I.W.W. genius remembered the saloons. Then the newspapers were forced to sit up and take notice.

The I.W.W. began on a Friday by posting handbills: "Workers—stay away from booze. You can't fight booze and the boss at the same time." These posters blossomed through Seattle, Portland, and Tacoma on April 27. On Saturday the out-of-work workers foregathered. In Seattle they sent a deputation to the mayor and informed him that the city must be kept clean. The mayor agreed and instructed the police department to clean up. It did, but not enough to satisfy the "wobbly" strike committee. So—well, let the United Press tell the story:

SEATTLE, April 30.—(U. P.)—Direct-action squads of striking I.W.W. swung through the lower half of the city Sunday morning and last night and, aided by the police department, cleaned out gambling dens, lottery joints, "smilo" and moonshine dumps, which have flourished since the strike.

A direct-action squad of more than 100 men went through Chinatown like a devastating cyclone. Scores of Chinese lotteries were invaded, the tickets appropriated and scattered to the four winds.

Japanese "smilo" joints were stormed and huge quantities of the liquor poured into the gutters. Kegs were smashed, barrels rolled into alleys, bars overturned, and the furniture and fixtures broken. Proprietors of the establishment were warned not to open again under pain of more severe measures.

The lid was clamped down upon many of the more open places last Saturday but the strike committee was not satisfied. They informed the city authorities that the town must be kept clean during the strike while the thousands of idle strikers were here.

A final "clean-up of vice and booze dens" is threatened for today.

In Tacoma the strikers followed much the same tactics, leaving a trail of black crepe to mark the closed saloons.

But it was in Portland that the fun was fastest and most furious. There the I.W.W. method of law enforcement stirred the mayor, the chief of police, and the prohibition director into denunciation—not of the bootleggers, but of the I.W.W. The bootleggers called upon the police to defend them, and the police did. The Portland *Telegram* was excited into headlines in letters three and a quarter inches tall: "I.W.W. Close 'Joints'; Reds, Mayor, Clash Over Wet Spots; Usurpation of Police Power by I.W.W. Leads Baker to Tell Chief Jenkins to Stop 'Direct Action.'" "I.W.W. Padlock Booze Joints," said the Portland *News* in headlines of choicest Menckenese American: "City Dads Blamed for I.W.W. Bootleg Raids; Police Say They Knew Booze Was Sold, But Council Failed to Help Fight Crime; Huge Crowd Stages Sunday Riot; Bluecoats Arrest Woman Who Pickets Joints." 'The I.W.W. have succeeded in doing in two days what Portland police, Federal, and county prohibition officers failed to do in two years" this paper remarked.

Mayor Baker had nothing to say on the subject of prohibition enforcement, but he was moved to this letter to the chief of police:

In accordance with the established attitude of the present administration toward the I.W.W., you are instructed to permit no demonstrations, violence, picketing, or unlawful acts in any part of the city. Any attempts on the part of the I.W.W. to take any function of law enforcement into their own hands on any pretense whatever will be met by forcible action on the part of the police department. Whatever additional assistance may be needed will be forthcoming promptly upon your command.

One of the places closed by the I.W.W. had been raided twelve times by the Portland police; the proprietor of another had been arrested nine times. Such little matters, however, seem not to have interfered with friendly relations, for the proprietor promptly telephoned the police when the I.W.W. parade arrived, singing, at his doors. The police came, and arrested two women who, with placards reading "Bootleg Poison Joint," were leading the parade. Then followed a scene which only I.W.W. could have concocted. They almost mobbed the patrol wagon and crowded into the police stationhouse—not in an attempt to release the prisoners, but earnestly beseeching the police to arrest them too. They implored the guardians of the law to arrest them for enforcing the prohibition law!

Another delegation waited upon the State prohibition director and requested him to deputize fifty members of the I.W.W. to keep the saloons closed. The prohibition director was as nettled as the mayor. "The governor," he said, "has all the power required for such emergency and the handling of such matters as this is in his hands." By a curious coincidence the Portland *Oregonian* reported two days later that "the first big guns in the campaign to rid the city of bootlegging were fired yesterday when complaints were filed in the United States court asking that the Rose City Hotel, 102 North Sixth Street, and the soft-drink establishment at 248 First Street, be placed under lock and key." Assistant United States Attorney Gilchrist of course explained that "the 'wobbly' activity last Sunday did not prompt the government in bringing these actions," but we imagine that even the mayor smiled when he read that.

There are a number of points to this tale. One is that a good publicity man may be an enormous help to labor when it needs to win public sympathy. Another is that prohibition can be enforced if the people who enforce it have popular sympathy, and that that is not impossible to obtain. Still another point is that public authorities, overconscious of the pomp and power of public office, have a really exceptional aptitude for making fools of themselves. The mayor of Seattle and the prohibition director demonstrated that to the queen's taste. In Tacoma the commissioner of public safety, John L. Murray, had as much real intelligence as that chief of police of a New England city who deputized strikers to maintain order on the picket lines in his town. When the strikers interviewed this commissioner about the saloons he replied, according to the Seattle *Union Record*, "Go to it. If you want to carry banners and distribute pamphlets I don't see anything wrong with that, and I don't think there is any law against it so long as they are not intended to incite people to violence or break the law. If the loggers can close the joints I am for their doing it, you bet."

The wicked, lawless I.W.W. asked to help enforce the law which crooked or incompetent officials fail to respect! Was ever anything more deliciously comic?

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Will Mexico Be Recognized?

By ERNEST GRUENING

Mexico City, April 26

I CAME to Mexico four months ago believing firmly in the recognition of that country by the United States. Today I think otherwise. After a still incomplete study of Mexican conditions I am glad that the various efforts in the United States to bring about the recognition of the Obregon Government by the Harding Administration have hitherto been unsuccessful. I now believe that the Hughes policy of non-recognition has to date been best for both Mexico and the United States.

With the initiation of the conferences between Messrs. Warren and Payne and Señores Ross and Roa as representatives of their respective governments, recognition is again in the news. And at no time in the last two years, it may be said fairly, has the general sentiment in the United States been so strong for recognition as today. The history of American public opinion records few instances more striking than the steady and spontaneous rise of a popular desire which has virtually forced the Republican Administration to cast about for some way of saving the face of its Mexican policy. Yet for all that, it is my belief at the time of this writing that recognition, already spoken of in many interested quarters in Mexico and the United States as a virtually accomplished fact, will not result from the pending conference. And such an outcome in my judgment will not necessarily be a misfortune.

The fundamental changes initiated twelve years ago in the Madero revolt have only begun to crystallize. That the world outside little realizes the far-reaching character of these changes is due to several causes. First, the only really constructive and reconstructive work has fallen almost wholly within the last three years and the fruition of the basic aspirations of the Mexican revolution is still in process, in many cases scarcely begun, nowhere complete, in some places non-existent. In consequence, most reports of what has been going on in Mexico have necessarily been fragmentary and inaccurate as a portrayal of the whole variegated picture. I speak here, of course, only of sincere efforts at interpretation and not of ax-grinding propaganda for one side or the other which has so befuddled public opinion about Mexico in the United States in the last twelve years. The second reason why the magnitude of the Mexican upheaval has been underestimated lies in the fact that long acquaintance with Latin-American revolutions had established a largely justified belief not only in their relatively innocuous character but in the almost complete absence of principles. Revolts of a purely personal nature, a drive of the "ins" against the "outs," motivated almost wholly by the self-interest of the leaders—this has been the prevailing type of uprising in Latin-America. And the ten years of social revolution in Mexico were sufficiently crossed by personal ambitions, which still profoundly taint its present evolutionary phase, to obscure to casual observers the real underlying character of the first essentially non-political revolution in this hemisphere. A third reason is that the fiasco of the Carranza regime, held up in the United States in so far as it could be through the Wilson policies as the consummation of democracy and liberty, created both in Mexico and abroad a profound skepticism as to the possibilities of self-emancipation on the part of Mexico.

The Obregon administration therefore started with unusual handicaps. It inherited not only the atrophying effects of a generation of dictatorship but of ten years of civil war, militarism, and anarchy combined. Its legacy was not merely that of an unfulfilled hope after thirty years of oppression but of repeated disillusion and deep-seated distrust in the leadership of the revolution. Carranza's regime had been a dictatorship; it had been a betrayal of the hopes of an oppressed people; but it had been a poorly and inefficiently organized tyranny, never secure in the saddle. Its very lack of crystallization, its ebbing and flowing fortunes, kept alive and increased the hopes first engendered by the Madero revolt. It was a less submissive and a better oriented people with whom Obregon had to deal. He entered office harried by actual and potential revolts on all hands, national bankruptcy, a country paralyzed by ten years of strife and physical destruction. The only thing, it seemed then, that could possibly save his regime, to conserve for Mexico a four years' administration of peace and reconstruction, was the help of the United States—the active help, the generous and supporting hand of a great, powerful nation to a weak and distracted neighbor.

But under the Hughes leadership the United States tragically missed a rare opportunity—one worth a dozen Pan-American conferences and a hundred speeches. Help was denied Mexico. More. Non-recognition by the United States carried with it that of Great Britain and France. Such non-recognition in these days is no passive, no negative act. It is silent warfare on the unrecognized government. In this case it implied a definite refusal of financial aid, for under our present policy bankers obtain the consent of the State Department before making foreign loans. It brought with it a very considerable inhibition upon foreign capital, great and small, contemplating business relations with Mexico. Given Mexico's condition, prolonged non-recognition appeared nothing less than a death warrant for the Obregon administration. And so indeed it was believed to be in certain high circles in New York and Washington.

"It won't work as quickly as if Albert Fall had his way, but it'll look better and be just as effective in the long run," one of the gentlemen engaged in business in Mexico told me in New York nearly two years ago. And the symptoms to warrant such belief were not lacking. The revolts in different parts of the Mexican republic were duly heralded in the news columns of our press, and in the editorial columns "cleaning up Mexico" and its ultimate inevitability was a favorite theme with many of our newspapers. That was two years ago.

Now, if the refusal of the Obregon Government to comply with the terms laid down by Mr. Hughes had been merely a bit of haughty obstinacy and insistence upon a certain diplomatic meticulousness there might have been ground for feeling that for expediency's sake Mexico should yield a point or two and move to bring about the one condition which seemed essential to its political life and happiness, however much it might believe its position to be technically right. Unfortunately for the early consummation

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of such an entente, President Obregon conceived that the Hughes demands ran counter to the most fundamental aspirations of the Mexican revolution, as well as to Mexico's rights as a sovereign nation. Yet there is no doubt that in the early days of his administration President Obregon deeply desired recognition as an essential step in the rehabilitation of Mexico. At all times he has wanted the friendship of the United States and believed it essential to Mexico's future. Contrast his friendly attitude with the pin-pricking antagonism and the constant anti-American incitements of Carranza.

But recognition was not forthcoming and Mexico proceeded to do the impossible—to lift itself up by its bootstraps. That it has succeeded in doing this to a degree undreamed of two and a half years ago no impartial and unbiased observer will deny. I hasten to qualify. One can with difficulty escape calumny when writing either in extravagant praise or blame of things Mexican. There is in the republic today colossal illiteracy, great poverty and human misery, widespread corruption. They are largely the result of four hundred years of oppression, exploitation, misrule. To deny their existence is to merit the charge of utter blindness.

Upon this rotten foundation, upon this structure of governmental inexperience, of selfish foreign and domestic influence, of ignorance, of rule by favoritism, graft, and militarism Obregon had to build; upon it erect a new edifice consonant with the times and with the welling emotions of his people. It had to be done without help. It was done. With unassisted effort there developed a new consciousness of self-reliance. With the non-interference of high-power "development" there is emerging a different sense of values, a realization of the inherent and always neglected possibilities of Mexico itself. There was the Indian, despised, exploited, ignored for four centuries, with his gentle stoicism, his craftsmanship, his love of color and beauty, his mysticism, his yearning for the land. No need to worry whether these newly crystallizing concepts interfered with the plans of foreign overlords for "increasing production," for "making efficient" the Mexican people. For the moment, and for the first time in a generation, the foreign overlords were voiceless by their own consent. Land, a new freedom and dignity for labor, an intellectual renaissance, a new appreciation of things inherently Mexican, an opportunity for Mexico to find itself spiritually, these seem to be the factors emerging out of chaos.

For nearly three years the forces that would "make a nation out of Mexico," would "civilize" it, have perforce been absent. And this breathing spell has given Mexico the opportunity far more truly to "become a nation," to start in the fledgling period of its emancipation without hindrance to develop what perhaps she has never fully been, a people strong not in the chauvinistic but in the cultural nationalistic sense, and to assume thereby a political and spiritual leadership of the northern Latin-American nations —of the weaker and smaller countries of Central America and the Caribbean. The miracle that the Government was physically able to withstand the strain was due not to its dependence on force but to its effort to satisfy the aims and aspirations of the many. And with the successful weathering of this stress has come a new sense of confidence, of strength, of independence. For three years while the world has passed through an unprecedented economic crisis Mexico has withstood the passive opposition of the three greatest Powers on earth. While every other country has been on its knees before the great and powerful Uncle Sam, Mexico has alone stood by its plowshares.

From the point of view of Mexico non-recognition has been a blessing—no longer in disguise. The Mexican administration which has continued its efforts to adjust international difficulties is itself beginning to realize it. But what of the United States? For our country, too, I consider the results of non-recognition to have been a blessing. For, mark you, the only ones in the United States who have suffered have been the reactionary leaders of the Republican Party and the relatively small number of persons whose business might have been helped by recognition. In exchange we have growing up to the south of us a neighbor, brave, self-reliant, culturally different, and hence stimulating, working out new social forms, experimenting with new cultural ideas, attacking without prejudice or inhibitions the problems of backward and hitherto oppressed races in its midst. We are getting, moreover, a neighbor whose relative strength and complete political independence can and will be of incalculable benefit to the future of the United States. For in the last quarter century the various administrations of the United States have in one way or other taken possession or assumed control of every small and previously independent country either in the Caribbean or in Central America. Mexico was slated to be next. Other countries further South—Peru, Bolivia, Colombia—were coming under the sway of our financial and military imperialists who have launched our country into new, undemocratic, and dangerous paths. The people of the United States have not, most of them, known and understood what was going on. Mexico's resistance, her insistence on her own rights and dignity as a nation, have helped scotch the southward march of our empire. They have driven Mr. Hughes to the loudest protesting of his long and sanctimonious career. They will inevitably awaken America to a new realization of the rights and aspirations of other peoples. In so far as we have as a people allowed our governments to trample these rights underfoot it will rekindle in us the spirit of Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln.

I know there are plenty of Americans who reading this will wonder what the devil I am talking about. But I have not seen the burns on the bodies of Dominicans and Haitians, mutilations placed there under the Stars and Stripes, nor listened to the heartfelt bitterness of these peoples against Old Glory, nor read a United States Senatorial report condoning the shooting of women and children, without having the consciousness of the betrayal of American ideals by our public servants burn into my soul. And I risk appearing presumptuous when I assert that in the face of continuing American military rule by no right but that of might in Haiti and Nicaragua President Harding's pronouncement anent the present conference that "the Mexican situation is the only international difficulty which remains unsolved in this hemisphere" reveals anew a complete misunderstanding of the psychology and feelings of the Latin-American peoples and a tragic misconception of what America's part ought to be in this continent. The great problem which neither he nor Mr. Hughes has ever been able to understand is that there is a form of conquest still untried by our governments, one which still remains eminently possible and practicable—our conquest of this hemisphere by goodwill.

The new Mexico, the Mexico that is not yet but gives

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great promise of being, will, I believe, help us find the way. She will help stop our pirates physically. For the job of high looting always had to be done a bit clandestinely, and a medium-sized fellow crying out lustily makes the job almost impossible. Crying out lustily is precisely what Mexico has done. Then Mexico can give us a new understanding and a new interest in the Latin American, his culture, his character, his aspirations, in the Hispano-Indian race which shares this half of the world with us. The other Hispanic nations large enough, and culturally and nationally conscious enough to do this, are thousands of miles away. Mexico is the only one qualified within what some Americans have been pleased to consider as "our sphere."

Now that diplomatic pourparlers are being resumed the overwhelming majority of Americans want to establish a firmer and friendlier relation with our Southern neighbor; want to see a square deal accorded to the one-armed fighter whose persistent effort as President has been to turn Mexican rifles into plowshares. But what is the basis for such hope? First, there is Mr. Hughes saying that "the attitude of the United States has not changed. We do not insist upon the form, but Mexico must guarantee property rights." And although he has receded from his original position of expecting the Obregon Government to sign a treaty in advance, he is still afflicted by the delusion that the United States should bestow recognition as a reward for virtue measured by standards of our own making and duly pledged in advance. Now it is certain that Mexico is firmer than ever in the conviction of her right to unconditional recognition, for the elementary reason that the Obregon Government is the *de jure* government of the republic. Having survived non-recognition for nearly three years it is inconceivable that the Obregon administration will scrap what should be an immutable principle of international relationship and national sovereignty for which it has already risked so much. Unless Mr. Hughes yields, the conference will leave matters just where they are.

But beyond this preliminary and hitherto insuperable obstacle are the actual differences between the two governments. And here Uncle Sam has just grievances growing out of Mexico's application of the agrarian law, a law which embodies the very essence of the revolutionary aims and ideals of the Mexican people. No one with a spark of belief in human liberty can quarrel with the principle—the identical idea so often voiced by public speakers in the United States of "giving everyone a stake in the country." But the application of this law has in many instances been stupid, incompetent, corrupt, in violation of the underlying purpose of the legislation and of many of the regulations supposed to govern its enforcement. It is out of this faulty execution that the essential difficulties have arisen, difficulties which should be and could be solved by negotiation between sovereign and equal states—of course after mutual recognition. If not, of what use are our diplomatists? As it is, the conference is something of an anomaly. But one good purpose it may serve—to call the Mexican Government's attention to the various grave errors in the application of the agrarian law and to bring about their correction. That much Mexico could properly and profitably yield.

If recognition comes as a result of this conference, it will come only as a victory for present Mexican statesmanship and for the essential rightness of its position. If it does not come now it will come when the Harding Administration steps out a year from next March, come instantly and automatically from Mr. Harding's successor as it should have come instantly and automatically the day Obregon took office as President. Two years is a long time, but Mexico can use it to good advantage. She will suffer a bit financially, although the economic benefits of recognition are greatly exaggerated by business men in both countries. (The Southern Pacific is completing its West Coast Railroad at a cost of $16,000,000 without worrying about or waiting for recognition.) Some projects, to be sure, will wait on recognition and will have to be deferred, but Mexico will emerge hardened and trim and self-reliant like a man who has successfully weathered great privations and peril. It will be another Mexican administration that will be recognized and the Obregon regime will go down in history unrecognized by Mr. Harding, Messrs. Lloyd George and Law, and M. Poincaré, but recognized by the Mexican people and the American people. And coming generations, I am convinced, will recognize his administration as one of the notable constructive achievements in the history of this hemisphere.

So that, as I said at the beginning, I have changed my mind about recognition. When it comes I shall be thankful to Mr. Hughes and his advisers for the delay, and for the great impetus which his policy has given to a free development of our Mexican neighbors and to a truer understanding between the two peoples than it is in the power of governments to manufacture by treaties, by official pronouncements, by propaganda, and by secretly evolved policies. And yet, if it comes now, let us be grateful in the belief that it means the beginning of an era of peace, good-will, and friendship like that which binds the United States to its only other land neighbor.

Youth

By ANN HAMILTON

Youth bears a dream upon his back
  That his unconscious spirit wills,
That trips him on the beaten track
  And turns him to the hills.

In his own heart he cannot know
  How such light load directs his power—
It is enough that he must go
  Flower-hungry, toward the flower.

He strides across the market-place
  Holding his dreamy cargo high,
With dust and dazzle in his face
  Between him and his sky;

Such delicate strange balance weighs
  The burden that his visions are,
He feels not what decides his gaze
  From cobblestone to star;

His laughing strength, his singing word
  He cannot tell what force commands,
And takes it for some lost white bird
  That fluttered through his hands.

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Resuscitating a Submerged People

By HARTLEY ALEXANDER

I

THE story of the most impressive American pyramids, the civilization that produced them, and a program of resuscitation has just been set forth in Mexico. It is contained in a study of the valley of Teotihuacán, made by the Bureau of Anthropology, under Dr. Manuel Gamio.*

For Dr. Gamio and the Bureau which he represents the study of anthropology is no mere museum pursuit; its inferences are social reforms, and archaeology itself disinters the dead past only as a more intelligent introduction to the living future. It is impossible, he says, for any government indefinitely to rule a people whose nature and conditions of life are ignored. "The people, unable to develop under a governmental system which is forced upon them and which has no insight into their problems, either degenerate and become weak, or else make their justified protests known by means of continued revolts."

The population of the valley of Teotihuacán falls under the head of the degenerating, for it has been relatively untouched by participation in the numerous revolutions that have swept the country, although it has suffered from them. The glaring fact which faces the investigators is that here is a region which, without any considerable alteration in the natural conditions which make for its habitability, has progressively lost its power to support human life. At the period of its greatness Teotihuacán supported a population of not less than 100,000, possibly twice that number, Dr. Gamio estimates. Conquest by the neighboring state of Tezcoco, in pre-Hispanic times, reduced this number; the Spanish colonial domination was a period of progressive loss; after the achievement of national independence the population shrank to less than 10,000 for the whole area; the census made by the Department shows a present total of 8,330 inhabitants.

This diminution in the quantity has been accompanied by a decadence in the quality of human life. The archaeology of the region indicates, above a primitive and ancient agricultural community, three successive periods of Teotihuacán native civilization, with developed art and architecture. Succeeding these comes, first, subordination to Aztecan culture; second, Spanish influence, chiefly that of Franciscan friars and Augustinian monks; and third, the Republican period, during which the region has succumbed to the bane of Mexico, landlordism, nine-tenths of the arable land of the valley belonging to seven persons, to whom the remainder of the population is virtually in subjection. The only key as to the total period of time which this development represents is Dr. Gamio's hazard that the great period of the culture of Teotihuacán fell toward the middle or beginning of the first millennium B. C.

Here, then, with local definition, is presented a primary human fact. A limited region, which in times past produced its own characteristic culture, in many ways admirable, is in our own day meagerly peopled by a few thousand souls, ignorant, melancholy, and apathetic. Into the causes of this decay, and with a view to betterment, the Dirección de Antropología has undertaken its investigations. The program has included, first of all, a study of the physical conditions of life, which on the whole they find most favorable, soil, water, and climate all conducing to a salubrious human living; nor is there any indication that in times past these conditions were materially better. Next, they have made a genuine census of the population. It classifies the population with respect to origin, race, sex, age, marriage, language, literacy, religion, occupation, and civilization.

Origin shows a population mainly indigenous; race indicates whites, mestizos, and Indians in about the proportion 1:4:11; age, as expected, gives index of high infant mortality; occupation shows but 22 professional men of all kinds and but 416 small landowners (about one-tenth, and that the poorest, of the arable land being in their possession), while other employments indicate a primitive and submerged economic life. In the matter of literacy about one-fourth are classed as able to read and write, but the study discloses the fact that there are virtually no books, except schoolbooks, and no periodical literature in the community; so far as ideas are concerned it has been cut off even from the influence of the not distant capital city. Probably the most significant figures are relative to religion and civilization, nearly one-half of the population being accounted "rudimentary Catholics" and about two-thirds as "indigenous" in civilization. The latter classification means that with respect to food, clothing, housing, folk-ideas, and manner of life, at least this proportion of the people are still essentially unassimilated to Spanish culture; indeed, it is striking that the number of persons classed as Indian is only slightly in excess of the number of those characterized as indigenous in culture, and one of the points which the director makes is that the proportion of mestizo population is virtually an index to the progress of white influence upon the native stock.

With such data before them the investigators have gone forward to their study of the history of the region, as the spade and colonial records disclose it; and on the basis of their total findings they have drawn up a program for amelioration, legislative and administrative, looking to the reestablishment in Teotihuacán of a fruitful human community. The work is an example of similar programs to be applied in other typical regions of the Mexican Republic in years to come. That country presents many and great diversities not only in nature but also in the history, race, and language of its inhabitants; the Dirección is therefore dividing it into zones, within each one of which will be chosen some locality for intensive study, as Teotihuacán has been selected for the zone comprising the states of Mexico, Hidalgo, Puebla, and Tlaxcala. Certainly if the work is carried forward with the intelligence which marks this first essay, it will be notable as an example to the world.

II

To the scientific, the artistic, and the romantic mind the archaeological results of the study of Teotihuacán will most appeal. The chapter on prehistoric architecture contributed

La Población del Valle de Teotihuacán. Three volumes. Dirección de Talleres Gráficos, Secretaría de Educación Pública. Mexico City. $30 (U. S. A.). Proceeds from the sales are to be used for the benefit of the population of Teotihuacán, in carrying forward the proposed reforms.

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by Professor Ignacio Marquina is fascinating not only for the results set forth but also for the avenues of study suggested. Teotihuacán represents the most impressive seat of the American type of pyramidal architecture—pyramids stepped or terraced, ascended by splendid stairways, and surmounted by fanes and altars—analogous to the Babylonian temple-pyramids rather than to the Egyptian pyramidal tombs. In dimensions the Pyramid of the Sun at Teotihuacán is comparable in base to the Great Pyramid and in height to the Third Pyramid of Gizeh; and when approached from the Calle de los Muertos (misnamed, on the supposition that the pyramids were tombs), it must in its prime have been a truly magnificent structure, flanked on either side with platforms surmounted by priests' houses, and before the front clusters of fanes and altars gorgeous with decorated façades. The Pyramid of the Moon stands at one end of the Street of the Dead, with minor temples right and left; while toward the other rise the quadrangular precincts of the ancient temple of Quatzalcoatl (known as the "Citadel"), comprising a central temple, with constructions markedly of two periods, and a surrounding platform supporting some fifteen minor structures, symmetrically arranged. These are the major architectural remains; although in addition are several important groups of minor structures, some of which may have been civil palaces. The adobe or rubble huts of the ancient commoners whose labor reared these great structures no doubt extended far in all directions; but they have left little trace so that the full size of the ancient city is a matter of conjecture.

The studies of the Teotihuacán culture of the colonial and national periods, which form the second and third volumes of the report, have an even more varied interest. Especially noteworthy is the care given to the artistic and intellectual phases of the local development, for it is through these that the effective appeal will be made which will lead to a renewed florescence. The economic and physical foundations of life are analyzed in detail, but Dr. Gamio and his staff look to the things of the mind, as local fates have shaped and local skies have inspired it, for the refreshening breath.

This explains the full chapters devoted to architecture and the minor arts, to folk-lore, including the dramatic dances given on fiesta days—*Los Alchileos, Los Moros y Cristianos,* and others, in which Spanish and aboriginal elements are intermingled—to music, and to religion. The section on ecclesiastical architecture is striking in the contrast offered between the ancient and the newer styles and also in the fact that it shows the valley to possess a number of fine sixteenth and seventeenth century churches, notably that of San Augustín Acolman, fine in form and adorned with a beautiful portal. Back of this architecture, however, lies the brutal fact of ecclesiastical tyranny, especially of the Augustinian order; and there is no more humanly telling and pathetic exhibit in the whole report than the reproduction of the Codex of San Juan Teotihuacán, a pictographic account of the forced labors of the Indians, who are shown roped together, with backs bleeding from the lash, while they toil under the direction of comfortable-bodied clerics. Dr. Gamio is moved to a bitter paragraph: "Architectural beauty enhances the region, but around all or almost all of these handsome buildings there seems to hover the echo of mysterious and sorrowful sighs and curses of the pariahs who for three hundred years mixed the mortar with tears and sweat, and tinted with their irredeemed blood the sharp corners of the capitals, pillars, and cornices so curiously wrought." Certainly the colonial period appears to have been one of slow decadence, the native spirit broken, the native arts fading away, until with the overthrow of the religious domination, the population was too ignorant and feeble to recover from its lethargy, and succumbed helplessly to the landlordism and peonage which have been the curse of Mexico during her national epoch.

III

With the data set forth, the Bureau outlines its program of reform. The initial steps were taken in the carrying out of the work itself, which involved improved roadways and bridges, employment for local labor, and above all instruction in the arts of life, in sanitation and medicine, in the breeding of stock, preservation of trees, and protection of artistic treasures. The valley is destined to be one of the historical show places of Mexico, and this fact is bound to have an influence upon the character of the local culture. A museum, rail facilities, and similar provisions are beginnings to this recognized end.

But the full significance of the program lies in its recommendations. The fundamental concerns are political and economic. The people have been politically too ignorant even to protect themselves in their acknowledged rights—as in the case of the pueblo of Atlatongo, despoiled of its water. The establishment of a local capital at San Juan Teotihuacán is recommended; the enactment of laws suitable not to the small white minority, but to the traditional mode of life of the indigenous majority; and especially encouragement of the ancient collectivism in industry to which the age-long habit of mind of the Indian naturally turns. But with all this, as the prime essential, must be the return of the land to the people; this distribution must be made at once, and the recommendations include a definite plan for land purchase by local holders on a twenty-year basis, which should free the valley of peonage. Other details of the industrial program comprise new methods in agriculture, stock-breeding, etc.; a scheme of forestation and water control; and the encouragement of local industries based upon local materials, especially of the traditional art of pottery for which the region possesses the finest clays, and of manufactures from maguey fiber, also present in a rudimentary way—for it is the theory of the directors that improvement in all lines should come more from development of what is incipiently present than from importation.

The program for social amelioration is not less impressive. Schools suited to the needs of the people, with training in crafts; supervision and instruction in matters of hygiene and medicine, especially with a view to diminishing the high infant mortality; pamphlets for adults, through government bureaus; diminution of federal taxes upon small farmers and merchants; and the encouragement of an improved type of domestic architecture, for which the Department has drawn models—these are some of the lines of progress indicated. Of especial interest is the religious question. Dr. Gamio has small sympathy for the record which the church has made in the valley, and he scores the local clergy, past and present. However, he frankly recognizes that the people of Teotihuacán are profoundly religious, from the most ancient times, and that their re-

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ligious need must be met. He begs, therefore, for a more spiritualized religion, even a more varied one, suggesting the desirability of Protestant pastors and Masonic lodges along with the dominant Catholicism. As for the latter: "The Indians of the valley no longer render homage to Huitzilopochtli [the bloody Aztec war god]; why then do curates allow blood-covered images, logically in place in the sixteenth century, when the cult of blood was still fresh and its tradition cherished among the Indians?" For today, let us have religious emblems that "embody beauty and harmony, please the eye, and give happiness to the soul."

Since the Great War the world has been taking inventory of itself, and especially taking stock of its local resources, material and spiritual. The new political map of Europe is a reflection, largely, of regional aspirations, and the new consciousness of Asia is regional and ethnically ethic. Even before the war Maurice Barrès had begun his advocacy of regionalism as the only promise of salvation for France; and today a party of British thinkers is urging a similar program for the British Isles. Indeed, the breaking down of great central governments everywhere has thrown local populations back upon their own resources and their own promise.

Even in the United States, which because of its federal organization and far-flung territories has been slower to feel the need, there is today developing a regional spirit in many forms, social and artistic as well as economic.

But in all the world it would be exceedingly difficult to find another example of equal intelligence in conception and enlightenment in execution to that which is being carried forth by the present Government of Mexico, as evidenced by the report of the Dirección de Antropología here under review. It is a model to which our own statesmen should turn; for while our problem is less pressing than is Mexico's, it presents in many localities analogous features. For states as for philosophers the wise adage is Know thyself, to the end that public conduct may be provident.

Why Not Mexico This Summer?

By HELEN BOWYER

ARE you a teacher, a student, a man or woman with an elastic vacation—in any way a member of the summer leisure class? Come to Mexico. Leave your sweltering northern cities, leave your heat-baked Middle Plains, and come to the cool South. Come to the Valle de Mejico, a mile and a half above the sea, where the Universidad Nacional is preparing its "courses of summer" for you.

The Universidad Nacional is the second oldest university in all America, North or South, and is only two years younger than the very oldest one. It was founded in 1553, seventy years before the Pilgrims sighted Plymouth Rock. Its school of surgery, its college of mining, and its botanical garden had spread its fame in Europe when our Harvard was just opening its doors. But its "courses of summer" are very young. If you arrive by July 5 you will take part in the *fiesta* of their second birthday.

These courses are the outgrowth of Mexico's desire to cultivate relations of understanding with America del Norte. For years she has been sending her professors, her students, and her men of science to our country to complete or enlarge their studies, and two years ago this coming spring it seemed to Dr. Ezequiel Chavez, dean of the Graduate School, that the time was ripe to offer Americans similar opportunities in Mexico. Certainly in the field of archaeology she could open for them a treasure house as rich as any land could show: pyramids, temples, buried towns reaching back to an antiquity which no one yet has fixed. In botany and zoology, too, her climate, reaching from the tropic coast-lines to the never-melting snows of her loftiest volcanoes, offers the naturalist an almost inexhaustible field, while to the ethnologist her Indian population, with its fifty-two different languages and its tribal life, scarcely changed from the days before Cortes, presents a scope unrivaled anywhere.

Moreover she believes she has something in the way of literature and art to offer to her northern neighbor, and it was these things more especially that she prepared for the hundred and fifty men and women—most of them from the United States—who registered for the summer courses of 1921. They were—as the university had hoped and expected—for the most part teachers and students of Spanish. It is largely to the teachers and students of Spanish in the United States that Mexico looks for that growth of sympathy between the two nations which more and more is to be a factor in the happiness of both. Professor Russell of the University of Utah brought his students in a body, and himself took over the course in phonics which opened up such new vistas even to some of those who had been teaching languages for years. The Mexican Government furnished all bona fide students with free transportation from the border, and the university made every effort to secure comfortable living quarters for them in a country where conditions were so different from those of their own land. A summer in Mexico sent the hundred and fifty pioneers home in such a glow of enthusiasm that last July there came almost five hundred *americanos* to tax the capacity of the summer courses. They came with all degrees of facility and non-facility in Spanish; and so may you. For the least prepared—and the non-prepared—there will be elementary conversation and beginning grammar, while the more advanced will find classes of varying degrees of difficulty in these branches and a wide range of courses in the geography and history of Mexico, in the literature of Spain, Mexico, and the whole continent to the South, on the life and customs of *America española*, and many other things.

But some of these things you could get in some degree at home. Perhaps the very heart of the delight of a summer at the Mexican university lies in the things that nowhere else in the world could be gotten, in the courses in archaeology and in Mexican art, in the never-to-be-forgotten excursions up the rugged, snowy sides of her "mountain that smokes," and back into the twilight days of her forsaken gods.

As for the *arte mexicana*—architecture, painting, sculpture—the whole visible background of Mexico itself is the *sine qua non* of its fullest enjoyment. When in the indescribable blue of the moonlight on the Plaza you stand entranced before that great, gray pile of loveliness that is

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la catedral, where else could you get, along with the entrancement, that sense of heathen antiquity that comes from the knowledge that its massive foundations are built of sculptured Indian images and the remains of that huge temple where the gods of Anahuac had devoured men's hearts in sacrifice from who knows what immemorial days?

There will be classes, too, in that fascinating handicraft by which so large a proportion of the Indians still gain their daily bread, or rather *tortillas*. And when you cry out in delight over the blended loveliness of a Guadalajara water jar or the vivid primitiveness of a Michoacan blanket, will it not mean much to you to know that but a few hours from the city are little straw-built villages where Indians squat upon the ground and mold and weave this beauty by hand, with only such crude implements as perhaps were used in Egypt millenniums ago?

Across from the National Museum, on the spot where Montezuma's palace once reared its cedar roof, stands the National Conservatory of Music, which is as old as the university itself. Here, in a picturesque, old-world room off the sun-drenched inner court, you may gather with a group of your fellow-*gringos* to practice—and to love—the Mexican songs. "Paloma Blanca"—do you know it?—and "La Golondrina," and the brave and moving strains of the "Hymno Nacional."

The utilitarian side of education will receive its share of attention, and for those whose life lies in the world of business there will be courses in Spanish stenography and in the office methods and forms of correspondence most used in the republic.

But, of course, you are not going to crowd in too much work. No more at the Universidad Nacional than in any of our own schools can you afford "to let your studies interfere with your education." You will need some time just to browse around the city, to wander through the unimaginable markets sprawling for a quarter mile upon the cobbles and the footpaths of half a dozen streets. You will want an odd half hour to loiter under ancient arches where *evangelistas* left over from the Middle Ages write impassioned missives for shoe-blacks and barefoot serving-maids. And you will need your Saturdays and Sundays for those trips the university is planning to the sights in the city and valley you can least afford to miss.

How to make a selection when almost every inch of them is historic soil! But certainly they will take you to San Juan Teotihuacán, "the archaeological city," *the place where one worships the gods*. Here under the guidance of experts from the National Museum you will climb the mighty terraces of the Pyramid of the Sun and traverse the underground ruins of what was once the city of a race of artists, sculptors, and builders who must have fled long ages back before the onslaughts of a fiercer, infinitely ruder horde. It is a long step from the heathen wonders of the Sun and the Plumed Serpent to the gold-leaf altars of the Church at Tepozatlan. But you will want to take it, for there are few examples of colonial architecture in all America, North or South, as beautiful as this one-time retreat of the early Jesuits. It lies far off the tourist's track, but the university will arrange that some way you will get there—by auto, or horseback, or in one of those heavy two-wheeled carts from the days before the Flood. And even if you weary of the gold and yet more gold with which the ancient pile seems plastered, even if its splendor bears witness to the enforced labor of God knows what thousands of the hapless Indians, the vistas from its ancient tower will stay with you forever, even though they fade to nothing more than a memory ineffable of beauty like a dream.

And Xochimilco—you must not miss Xochimilco, where poppies blow upon the banks of tiny island paradises and a witchwork of canals like nothing you have ever seen or are like to see again. Back in the days of the "Fair God" these island paradises were the *chiampas* or floating gardens on which Montezuma's daughters loved to pass a moonlight hour. But as time went on they took root in the shallowing waters of the lake and turned its broad expanse into the maze of winding channels on which you will dream away at least one morning before you return to the world of today. For Xochimilco still lives and thinks and builds its craft as in its Aztec past. You will step into a sort of primitive gondola, gay with awnings and fresh flowers, and be propelled about the lake by an Indian lad with no more aid to navigation than a long pole in his hands. Floating delicatessens will drift up alongside you, with hot soup and *frijoles*, *tortillas*, eggs, and chicken all cooking on the little charcoal burners that glow within the boats. Lovers, families, groups of friends will pass you to the music of guitars; Spanish melodies, Indian songs, and the trilling of the birds among the olives and the eucalyptus trees will waft you off to some Elysian "far away and long ago."

If you come by boat, be sure before you buy your ticket to get in touch with others who are coming too. The Ward Line is making a special rate to students of the summer courses when there are twenty or more. And if you come by train don't fail to get your student's rebate from the border to Mexico City. In both cases the reduction holds good for the return.

I wonder if I have not said too much about the old in Mexico—or at least too little of the new? At any rate the new is here in many forms and phases and in many aspects of idealism that you may easily come in touch with about the university itself. You may, for instance, join the International Federation of Students and so link yourself with the coming leadership not only of all Mexico, but of all Spanish America as well.

And when the weeks have run their course and only a day or two is left before your return to that younger and so different world beyond Vera Cruz or the border, slip away to Guadalupe. Slip away some morning early before too great a throng of the afflicted have blocked the Virgin's well. They come, the lame, the halt, and the blind, from all parts of the republic to supplicate and to adore her at her wonder-working shrine. If you could stay here till December, till the Indian *fiesta*—but your ticket is already bought. If you have loved old Anahuac, if Mexico has cast her spell upon you, drink deeply of the sacred waters—for he who once has drunk thereof shall come to Mexico again.

Contributors to This Issue

ERNEST GRUENING, formerly Managing Editor of *The Nation*, is in Mexico studying conditions.

HARTLEY ALEXANDER is professor of philosophy in the University of Nebraska.

HELEN BOWYER has tried the experiment which she so appealingly recommends.

EDWIN GODMAN is a student of immigration and labor.

J. M. BEJARANO is the treasurer of the Mexican Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

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Sugar Cain

(*The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

SUGAR has produced just about the grandest collection that Washington has ever seen of will-o'-the-wisps, mare's-nests, boomerangs, and double crosses by jocular fate. The background of the situation contained the following elements:

The Government, through its Congress, had sanctified the cotton exchanges and the grain exchanges by laying upon them the hands of governmental recognition of good rules for their operation. The Sugar Exchange, of New York City, had "speculated" and "gambled" in sugar in 1921 and in the early part of 1922 to the point of reducing the price of raw sugar till it stood below the cost of production by the planters. The Government had watched this effect of "speculation" unmoved.

Toward the end of 1922 the statistical authorities of the sugar industry—learned sugar editors and learned agents of sugar farms—began to predict that in the year 1923 the consumption of sugar would gradually catch up with the production of it and that the surplus left at the end of 1923 would be relatively small. In consequence of the low prices of 1921 and of the early part of 1922 the producing of sugar had been in some degree checked. A great many American beet farmers, for instance, had turned to potatoes. Their fate was that, having produced too much sugar and having lost on it, they turned to potatoes and over-produced and lost again. The consuming public shed no tears.

In the midst of these circumstances, in February of this year, the Government, through its Department of Commerce, issued a bulletin setting forth certain facts in certain words. These facts—but, especially, these words—encouraged the gentlemen who buy and sell sugar on the Sugar Exchange to dash quite madly toward an anticipation of higher prices due to ultimate slender sugar reserves. The Department of Justice looked on without stirring. It did not thrill with any purpose of "protecting the public."

Suddenly, however, Mr. Basil Manly burst out of cover and stood before the American public with one hand pointed to the Department of Commerce, accusing it of having caused the rise in sugar, and with the other hand pointed to the Department of Justice, bidding it stop the rise in sugar.

The Department of Justice, thus apprised of the existence of the sugar market, leaped on a train for New York and entered the United States Circuit Court in New York and demanded that the Sugar Exchange be instantly closed.

On the cotton exchanges the price of cotton had enormously advanced from its post-war low point. On the grain exchanges the price of grains had shown considerable powers of ascension. The growers of cotton and the growers of grains for the American market live principally in the United States. The growers of sugar for the American market live principally in Cuba. The Department of Justice patriotically walked by the grain exchanges and the cotton exchanges and planted the Stars and Stripes firmly on the Sugar Exchange. It was reasonably nice, however, to the inhabitants of Brazil. The Sugar Exchange is really the Coffee and Sugar Exchange. Around the circular brass rail at one end of the room in which it operates it deals in coffee. Around the circular brass rail at the other end of this room it deals in sugar. It has two pits and it goes down into each of them equally sinfully. The Government proposed to let it go down to the rewards and the retributions of the wicked at one end of the room, but not at the other. It proposed to close one-half of this gambling house. Its proof of the wickedness of the sugar half, when delivered to the United States Circuit Court, consisted of the following line of assertions and conclusions:

There is a conspiracy in sugar. The price on a certain day was this. The price on a certain succeeding day was that. The difference between this and that was very great. Therefore there was a conspiracy.

Meanwhile the facts adduced by the Department of Commerce in its now famous bulletin had developed into being even more desolating for the housewife than the Department of Commerce had been able to foresee that they would be. The Department of Commerce had got accused of "bulling" the sugar market by issuing a bulletin in which the prospective surplus, or reserve, or "carry-over," of sugar at the end of this sugar season was calculated at approximately 500,000 tons. Later news from Cuba showed that this "carry-over" would be much less than 500,000 tons, if American consumption of sugar continued to be what it has recently been.

Thus Mr. Hoover was three times gypped. First he issued a bulletin which got him charged with helping the "speculators" to do a balloon ascension on the Sugar Exchange to the detriment and grief of the housewife. Next, on hearing this charge, he had issued three succeeding statements saying "No! No! No!" The purpose of these ejaculations was to say that the "speculators" should subside. But the subsequent decline in the estimate of the size of the Cuban sugar crop and the subsequent decline in the estimate of the size of the coming "carry-over" at the end of this sugar season showed that Mr. Hoover had been in fact right the first time he spoke. In fact, he had been righter than he knew. The situation was worse than he had said. The final figures of it left him really in the position of being able, if he had chosen to do so, to say:

"As to the 'speculators,' three times No; but as to the statistics, four times Yes."

Whereupon in the courtroom in New York the judges, after listening to a speech against the Department of Justice from Mr. John W. Davis, who would rather be right on sugar than President, agreed thoroughly with Mr. Davis and the Sugar Exchange and sent the Department of Justice back to Washington to think up some other way of satisfying the profound passion which Mr. Basil Manly had instilled into it for "protecting the public."

Wise men like me had foreseen its defeated return, and had said so. A day or so later, however, I learned to my dismay that the sales of sugar by some of our greatest distributors had fallen enormously during all four first months of this year. I retired from wisdom and joined the rest of Washington in sheer speculation on sugar speculation.

Washington sugar quotations:

On chances of understanding the sugar industry..	00.73
On chances of putting a sugar man into jail.....	03.09
On chances of providing the sugar industry with a permanent harness of supervisors, inspectors, commissioners, graders, and regulators for purpose of preventing industry from enabling Basil Manly to make so much trouble for Harry Daugherty hereafter	99.99

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The Coming Lack of Workers

By EDWIN GODMAN

THE application of irrelevant facts to the solution of economic problems is a common misdemeanor of governments largely dominated by political motives. Our immigration and labor-supply question is as good a repetition as we have of the old rhymester who "combed his hair with the leg of the chair," for to pass an amendment like the Three Per Cent Restriction Act without reference to the economic condition of the country was bound to lead to contradiction. That it met an "emergency" may be true in certain respects, but an emergency law cannot assume to solve much if it lacks the power of determining when the emergency is past. Any one familiar with the anti-alien feeling in this country needs no argument to convince him that the passage of our Immigration Restriction Act was not due simply to the "emergency" of after-war unemployment. It was due also in large measure to the fear of European refugees, to the 100 per cent Americanism campaigns, to the narrow-minded activity of some labor unions, and, as any one may see from the summarized reports submitted by our consuls and sent by our State Department to Congress, to anti-Semitism.

The result of the first year's immigration under the 3 per cent law is instructive. John Mitchell wrote some years ago in behalf of the labor unions and the American workingman that "we could with safety to ourselves and with broad-minded justice to the peoples of other countries admit and assimilate from 150,000 to 200,000 immigrants each year." Our legislators have enacted a law which has for the past year limited the number of our immigrants to 356,995 a year, but because they made no provision for crediting "departures," they actually reduced immigration to a net increase in our population of 87,121. Other things being equal, this might not be so disastrous—but they were not equal. More alien men left America than arrived here. The 87,121 gain was made up entirely of females, while there was a net loss of 11,687 males. A study of the groups that increased most shows that with the exception of Mexicans they were chiefly those that do not materially affect our unskilled labor market—the British, French, German, Scandinavian, and Jewish—while the Italians, Greeks, Poles, Lithuanians, Jugoslavs, and four other immigrant labor groups actually declined. There was a clear loss of 67,332 laborers. One newspaper editorial truthfully comments: "An immigration policy which does not give America man-power is a dismal failure in ordinary times and bearable only in periods of depression." We have amended the policy to keep it operative till June, 1924, although during its first year's operation it has given us over 85,000 additional women, probably mostly consumers, and lost to us over ten thousand men, presumably all producers.

The first warnings of the coming labor shortage were heard last fall. The general manager of the Associated General Contractors of America wrote that a labor shortage was very marked in the building trades and had become acute in the steel and iron industries. The American Hardware Manufacturers' Association passed a resolution opposing the immigration limit. The Associated Industries of Massachusetts called attention to "a growing shortage of labor" which was interfering with necessary production, for which the 3 per cent law was blamed. Throughout the winter the shortage of labor was continually brought to the attention of the Department of Labor.

A lamentable failure to recognize the necessity of an economic basis for our immigration policy is evidenced by the proposals that annually get before Congress. Many of these reflect the attitude of Albert Johnson, the chairman of the House Immigration Committee, who believes that "the demand for increased restriction of immigration continues." He does not definitely state who makes the demand, but generalizes: "Leading men who hitherto were strong advocates of a liberal immigration policy have become restrictionists. . . . I could name fifty of the older members of Congress. . . . I could name a hundred leading thinkers. . . . Newspapers and magazines, too, by the hundred have changed front." He does name definitely a few groups: "Organized labor, speaking through the American Federation of Labor, with its 4,000,000 members, and through the Railroad Brotherhoods, with almost a million, is joined by chambers of commerce, like that of New York, and by such representative bodies as the Women's Federation and the immigration division of the National Civic Federation in advocacy of restriction." To meet this demand proposals were made to cut the 3 per cent law to a 2 per cent law, based on the 1890 instead of the 1910 Census, to exclude "the mentally inferior and the emotionally unstable classes," to secure authorization to make "the modern blood test" and "intelligence tests," and similar drastic restrictions.

There is one important proposal which is looked to, both inside and outside of Congress, as a possible solution of this question, namely, examination abroad. It is the belief of Chairman Johnson that such an enactment would involve treaty changes, and that these changes could not be made without according to other sovereignties some determination and control over our immigration, and he assures us "control over immigration should not, must not, be dependent even in the slightest degree upon the wish or desire of another country." And yet there can be no true solution of our immigration question which does not provide for the mutual interests of the nations concerned. If we were sending surplus Americans abroad we should certainly want to arrange for their protection. This suggestion that America might solve the coming labor shortage or, for that matter, an over-supply in its labor market, by some agreement with other Powers is really the most fruitful suggestion before the country. If we followed European countries and made "emigration treaties," we should be forming *untangling* alliances, providing more protection to American labor than the present contract-labor law and greater service to American capital than the encouragement-of-immigration law enacted under Lincoln.

This solution would include: (1) Negotiation of treaties with emigration countries, or the revision of our trade and commerce treaties to cover the transportation and employment of emigrants. (2) The division of all immigration into at least three classes (a) permanent settlers, (b) transients, and (c) travelers for business and pleasure (who need not concern us here because they are outside the economic situation under consideration). It will be recalled that the Commissioner General of Immigration now reports the arrival and departure of what are called immigrant and non-immigrant, emigrant and non-emigrant aliens, but a

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study of the reports of the commissioner for years back shows that hundreds of thousands classified as arriving to make this country their permanent residence departed as soon as they had succeeded or failed in America. (3) Class (a) by definition comes with the intention and ability to remain permanently and make this country their home. In a large number of instances, even if not in most, this results in the migration of families, hence the introduction into the country of fully as many consumers as producers, and consequently little or no hurt to our labor market. Immigration of this kind might be limited in any way regarded as mutually desirable. Class (b), made up of transients who frankly come here to earn money and return, who often upset our labor market, would be required to enter under special agreements covering specific work, localities, wages, conditions, periods of residence, and protection.

Such agreements are already operative between European countries, and alien workers who come under them are in a better position, both from a legal and an economic standpoint, than the unskilled alien workmen of the United States. In this country their legal status differs in different States; if they are the victims of mob lawlessness, their government has no redress against our Federal government; they are used as strike-breakers, victimized by numerous employment agents, and when out of work are in danger of becoming public charges and liable to deportation.

All of such maladjustments are provided for in the European emigrant treaties; even workmen's compensation and insurance are sometimes added, and provision made that the alien workers' wages and working conditions shall be on a par with those of native workers. Agreements of this kind are much better safeguards of the labor market than our present uncontrolled situation, where it is purely accidental how many miners, textile workers, or common laborers shall enter the country's labor market. Periods of industrial depression and unemployment could be relieved at once under special clauses in these treaties by which alien workers would be removed from the over-stocked market. On the other hand, periods of prosperity and shortage of labor could be met, after the submission of evidence of labor shortage, by the admission of men already familiar with the labor required rather than of a miscellaneous crowd of aliens without special training or knowledge of where they will fit into the American industrial scheme.

The United States has had many opportunities to establish an immigration policy in place of the present patchwork legislation, and when Congress opens next winter, the opportunity will come again. We must repeal the percentage act. It must give way to a permanent law with the elasticity necessary to deal not only with emergencies but with economic conditions different from those which existed immediately after the war. Our legislators have supposedly been framing a permanent policy ever since the enactment of the percentage amendment, but the proposals which have been made since the spring of 1921 are chiefly "emergency legislation," and do not recognize that the migration movement of a country should have a definite relation to the unemployment index. To admit this fundamental principle and follow its dictates by mutual agreements with other countries seems to be the next move in dealing both with labor surplus and labor shortage.

In the Driftway

FROM time to time the Drifter is visited by charmingly aspirant young persons who seek advice. "Tell us," they say, "how to write." Up to the present the Drifter has truthfully assured them that he has no idea how to write, and they have gone away uncomforted. But so many hints have come to his attention recently that he may in the future change his tactics. A little book entitled "How to Increase Your Vocabulary" was the first helpful suggestion that came to him. On the theory that a man who would add ten words a day to his store was in effect already a writer, the book had been neatly divided up into columns for The Word, The Meaning, Pronunciation, Use in a Sentence, and Synonyms and Antonyms. The Drifter's greatest difficulty was in the pronunciation column, for there, where a model was used, he found the word in question divided up and marked with all the hieroglyphical phonetic signs that he vaguely remembered from his childhood as having been a puzzle to him.

* * * * *

STILL he did not despair. More was at hand to aid him. From the telegraph company he had received a notice that on a certain day it was fitting to send greetings by telegraph to an absent female parent: "Mother's Day," to be exact. The company was evidently afraid that the messages might not be entirely suitable to the occasion. It supplied models, therefore, ranging from a mere ten words for the poor wage-slave to a lavish affair of some ten lines for those sons and daughters in whom "mother" might really take pride. "Every day is Mother's Day for me," asseverated the shortest message. The longest one was much more explicit: "Most of the good things in this life come to us in twos and three, dozens and hundreds—plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows, brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins, comrades and friends, but only one mother in this wide, wide world." A sentiment that would surely be received with gratitude by any mother, though perhaps not by the sisters and aunts if they chanced to read it; nor would the least of the fond parent's emotion be caused by the extreme thoughtfulness of the proceeding—on the part of the telegraph company.

* * * * *

STILL another example will suffice to show that any perspicacious person within reach of the United States mail can turn out acceptable copy if he follows the rules. A certain correspondence course gives instruction in short-story writing. "Write," said one assignment, "a detailed account of one of your own emotional experiences, *preferably an intense one.*" (Italics the Drifter's.) What could be more helpful! Hopefully the Drifter scanned the direction paper on either side. Then he sat down patiently to wait for the next mail; but when it came it contained nothing but a few seeds from his assemblyman, with directions for becoming a farmer without pain or labor. Several days he waited, and at last he received from the correspondence course a reminder that his last task was not yet completed. Then it was that he knew he should never learn to write short stories by this method, for nowhere on the direction sheet were there any instructions on "How to acquire intense emotional experiences," and without that he was lost.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

A Spurious Manifesto

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am sure many of your readers were surprised to see you give space to such a palpable fake as the so-called manifesto of the Association of Mexican Catholic Women, which you print in your current issue under the title A Blast from the Clericals. I know nothing whatever of the history of this document, but its anti-clerical origin fairly shouts at you from every line. It deserves to take rank with the spurious "fourth degree oath" of the Knights of Columbus. I doubt if many Mexicans were taken in by it. The ridiculous postscript about indulgences alone is enough to stamp it as a piece of humbug.

Brooklyn, N. Y., April 8 JAMES C. HICKEY

[The manifesto in question was received from a trustworthy correspondent in Mexico who took it off the walls of the Presidential palace. He has since learned that the manifesto was spurious, and we regret having given circulation to it.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

In Memory of Henrietta Rodman

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is believed that many friends of the late Henrietta Rodman will welcome an opportunity to give concrete expression to the affection which her memory inspires in all who were her co-workers, or who were at any time the private beneficiaries of that unlimited fund of warm, personal sympathy, encouraging counsel, and active aid which she was always ready to lavish upon all who sought or needed it.

Miss Rodman's death leaves unprovided for a ward whose welfare would continue to be one of her first concerns were she alive today. The friends of Miss Rodman believe that no memorial could be more pleasing to her than the care of this young girl until her education has been completed and she has been made self-supporting. At the largely attended memorial meeting of Miss Rodman held at the Civic Club on April 3 it was decided to raise a fund for this purpose. Contributions may be sent to the Joan Rodman Fund, care of Civic Club, 14 West 12th Street.

New York, April 7 ALICE MAUDE HERRING
HELEN MONTAGUE
ELIZABETH IRWIN

Mrs. Webb and Wage-Earning Women

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recent letter the acting State Chairman of the National Woman's Party writes you:

> Instead of having "fallen into the arms of the employers' associations," the National Woman's Party, in taking a position in favor of industrial legislation for "persons," is in the excellent company of the two greatest international conferences of *industrial women* ever held.

It is true the goal of industrial women is a reasonable work day for both men and women, but they do not hope to reach the goal at one bound. The leaders of wage-earning women are practical and recognize they must "inch along." The Woman's Party, being unfamiliar with the labor movement, has misunderstood the resolutions of the international congresses of working women as it has misunderstood Mrs. Sidney Webb, in whose "company" it claims to be. Mrs. Webb wrote me on April 9:

> *I am very sorry that I have been so misinterpreted in the U. S. A. I have always supported the regulation of women's work as a good thing in itself.* So long as the British trade unions were against regulating the hours and other conditions of men's work I was still in favor of and took an active part in the agitation for the regulation of women's work; and if the trade unions had continued to oppose regulation I should have gone on advocating the regulation of women's work. But as a matter of fact the question has completely changed, seeing that the male trade unionists are almost as eager for regulation as the women trade unionists, and it is therefore quite unnecessary to make any sex distinction. Now it has become a question of distinguishing individuals and not classes—for instance, persons who are particularly susceptible to lead poisoning, and these include nearly all women and some men. There are still, however, questions such as pregnancy and the time after the birth of a child in which special legislation is necessary. *So that you are quite at liberty to say that I am in favor of regulating women's work whether or not the men agree to having similar regulations.* [Italics mine.]

The best that can be said is that the National Woman's Party has unwittingly "fallen into the hands of the employers' associations."

New York, April 24 MARY W. DEWSON,
Research Secretary, National Consumers' League

The Vanishing Proofreader

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your article in the issue of March 14, on The Masters of the Word, so succinctly states facts about proofreaders that I am compelled to write a commendation. The feeling of present-day publishers toward the "needless luxury," the appreciation of editors, the difficult problems confronting the reader, and his occasional lapses are so well recorded that not more could be said on the subject.

But I hope you will pardon me if I call your attention to two oversights—one of commission and one of omission. You say that Mr. F. Horace Teall's two brothers *were* almost equally remarkable, overlooking the fact that one of the brothers, Edward H., is still reading and remarkably holding his own. The other brother died recently. You neglect to mention their father, who, I may safely say, excelled any of his sons and was one of the greatest of old-time readers, and to whom all his sons owed their unquestioned ability.

Francis A. Teall, the father, was long the critical reader of D. Appleton & Company, where he established an enviable reputation as a great proofreader, and whose memory still lingers in printing circles. He edited Hodgson's "Errors in the Use of English," which could be profitably studied by the present generation, although printed forty years ago.

This age is not producing Francis A. Tealls or families of proofreaders. Typesetting machines and old-fashioned readers do not go together; commercialism prevents.

Brooklyn, March 21 WM. LYCETT

An Appeal

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The undersigned is desirous of securing the addresses of former pupils, friends, or admirers in America of Erwin Rohde, the friend of Friedrich Nietzsche and author of "Psyche," who died in 1898 after having occupied chairs of classical philology at Tübingen, Leipzig, and Heidelberg.

Madison, Wisconsin, February 18 A. R. HOHLFELD

IN NEXT WEEK'S "NATION"

Sinclair Lewis

on

Minnesota: The Norse State

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Books

The Military Mind

The Letters of Lord and Lady Wolseley. Edited by Sir George Arthur. Doubleday, Page and Company. $5.

SIR FREDERICK MAURICE and Sir George Arthur are preparing a life of Lord Wolseley. For that memoir they are reserving upwards of 2,000 letters from the correspondence of more than half a century between the general and his wife. Out of the remainder Sir George Arthur has selected the contents of this closely packed volume, which is presumably issued as a preliminary appetizer.

The reader gives up in despair any attempt to discover the principles that have guided the editor's choice. There are pages of the utmost trivialities, e. g., instructions as to the size of the toothpicks Lord Wolseley wishes to be sent to him. Discretion is thrown to the winds in the publication of painfully frank comments on persons and places. Hull is a "dirty town." Dublin is "filthy." An entertainment given to Lord Wolseley by the notabilities of Sheffield was "a horrible function" at which the dinner was "little better than pig's wash" and the oratory "contemptible." At a croquet party given that he might meet some of the ministers at Cape Town "the people looked like a collection of housemaids, with their greengrocer admirers in attendance upon them." The women guests at his dinner-parties while he is Acting Governor of Natal "look like cockatoos with dirty plumage." "This man Williamson," whom Lady Wolseley is to thank for the verses and music he has sent her, is "one of the bores of my life." To have been either a host or a guest of Lord Wolseley seems rather a perilous honor.

The freedom of Lord Wolseley's comments on men and things will make this volume a treasure for the future historian of the intimate everyday life of the Victorian period. Here and there, too, he will find some useful material on the public policies of the time, particularly on Queen Victoria's attitude to military affairs. We learn that the service of the Duke of Connaught with the Guards in the Egyptian campaign of 1882 caused no little distress to the head of the expedition. "I want," he writes, "to shove the Foot Guards into a hot corner, and they want this themselves, and they are the best troops I have, but I am so nervous that no injury should befall the favorite son of the Queen that I am loath to endanger his life." There were also perpetual conflicts with the Duke of Cambridge, the Queen's cousin, whose influence at Court enabled him, as commander-in-chief, to obstruct army reforms that Wolseley deemed advisable or even essential.

But it is for the light they cast upon the military mind that these letters will be of greatest value. No one can have been more ardently devoted to his profession than Lord Wolseley. He covets death by a clean bullet-wound on the field of battle as the most glorious of all ends. While he lives, he is ready to stint himself of any personal comfort for the sake of greater efficiency. He feels "horribly" the privation of tobacco, but he gives up smoking unhesitatingly in order to have all the nerves possible for the Mahdi.

Literature makes little appeal to him, though he is fond of reading. He thinks Browning's poetry "mystic and ununderstandable gibberish." He is so careless an observer of what he reads that his wife has constantly to remonstrate with him for his mistakes in spelling—"fur trees," "semifore," "devell-oppment," "weak" for "week," and so on. In politics he is violently anti-Liberal. Gladstone—who, by the way, gave him his peerage—is an "incompetent old crocodile," and his Cabinet is "safe to do something mean" about any question that arises. Sir Wilfrid Lawson is "a notoriety-seeking buffoon." That the English people should place a Liberal government in power indicates that "a dirty dunghill sort of democratic wave is now passing over the world."

Indeed, he has little respect for politicians of any party. "I am amazed," he writes from Dongola in 1884, "at the bickerings and dodges of professional politicians." Members of the class thus assailed have an easy retort at their disposal. Less than two months later, he is exposing no less reprehensible jealousies and intrigues within the military staff. In 1885, at the age of fifty-one, he is so wearied by the constant struggle against a "host of enemies" that he seriously contemplates retiring from the army and settling down quietly in a small country place.

Though the main purpose of his life was the efficient slaughter of his fellows, Lord Wolseley was evidently a deeply religious man. When engaged on his Ashanti expedition he trusts that God will spare him to carry out the campaign successfully, and remarks that "any war brings one to think more seriously than when sitting at home at ease, and makes one realize how dependent we are upon Him for everything." "My trust in God," he writes, "is implicit, and I feel we shall beat these bloodthirsty and cruel people." Pious reflections are frequent in the letters of the Khartum expedition. "I have such a trust in God, who, I believe, regulates all human affairs and listens to the prayers of those who ask in faith for His blessing on their doings, that I am sure He will not forsake me now, but will help me. He has been with me in all my previous expeditions, and when things have looked blackest, much blacker than they do at this moment, He has come to my assistance and shown a way out of my difficulties." "At home I neglect God sadly, but when embarked in any difficult enterprise, I turn to Him as my Protector, as my Guide." "I feel that my mission is not yet fulfilled, and He will not forsake me now." No doubt seems ever to have entered his mind lest fighting might not, after all, be a divine vocation. He appears, indeed, to have regarded it almost as a form of religious worship. He tells his wife that he should not like to fight on a Friday, as Kitchener did at the Atbara. "Sunday," he adds, "is the day for a real battle." To him, a war is the most effectual of moral tonics. "I feel," he writes in 1894, "that a country whose upper classes live as a certain set of men and women do, can only be saved from annihilation by some such upheaval as a great war, which will cost all the best families their sons, and call forth both the worst animal passions and the noblest of human virtues, and for a time place the very existence of the kingdom in danger."

Lady Wolseley's letters are distinguishable from her husband's at a glance by their profusion of italics. For indiscretions she out-Repingtons Repington and out-Margots Margot. At Windsor Queen Victoria was wearing a black silk dress "made anyhow and nohow." No row of "animated sandwiches" could rival Lady Charles Beresford's advertising power for her husband. Mrs. Oppenheim's house has no repose, and no indication of a pursuit except that of collecting furniture. The library at Lord Cowdray's consists of "1,000 or 10,000—I forget which—books, all chosen by some one else, and never touched since, I should say." When the Carnarvons went to stay at Montreal they evidently thought they were going to a desert wilderness; their luggage passed belief, and included stores of tinned meat, biscuits, etc., and a large bath. And so on. Sir George Arthur has so little discrimination between *dicenda* and *tacenda* that he has even allowed a passage to appear in which Lady Wolseley informs her husband that her suspicions of the unchastity of her cook are found to be justified.

The editor calls attention in his preface to the perfect affection that existed between Lord and Lady Wolseley, and the correspondence itself amply bears out his remark. She never intruded in the least upon her husband's official duties, but she enjoyed his unreserved confidence throughout his career. Her ambitions for him, however, were not always wise. "How was it," she asks in one letter, "Wellington was a soldier *and* a politician? Could you *never* be Prime Minister?" Happily, he could not.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

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A Russian Pessimist

Love and Other Stories. By Anton Chekhov. The thirteenth and concluding volume of the Tales of Chekhov. Translated by Constance Garnett. The Macmillan Company. $2.

IT seems a surprising thing that Chekhov is already considered a classic writer; and although discussed by many read by few. He who was the most advanced thinker but a short thirty years ago is now taken as a model for his style only. He was one of the last of the great Russian pessimists who, influenced by Schopenhauer and Byron, held that while mortals are what they are, and while their bodies and minds are prone to sickness and corruption, there is no solution for the world's ills.

But in spite of the fact that this trend of thought was quite popular in Russia in Chekhov's time, he did not form his conclusions hastily. His whole work may be roughly divided into three periods. The first, indecision and doubt, is best illustrated in the story Lights. There are two men supervising the building of a railroad. The younger one is illustrative of young Russia of the time. "I don't see so far any good in definite work, a secure living, and settled outlook. It's all nonsense. I was in Petersburg, now I am sitting here in this hut. . . . What sense there is in all that I don't know, and no one knows. . . . And so it's no use talking about it. . . ." The older one represents the other side of thought, the tolerant one. "I hate those (the young man's) ideas with all my heart. I was infected by them myself in my youth . . . ., and . . . . they did me nothing but harm. Thoughts of the aimlessness of life, . . . have been, and are to this day, the highest and final stage in the realm of thought. The thinker reaches that stage, and comes to a halt. . . . From the first . . . we mount to the very topmost and final step, and refuse to know anything about the steps below. . . . If we find means of mounting the topmost step without the help of the lower ones, then . . . the whole of life, with its colors, sounds, and thoughts, loses all meaning for us."

And so the next period of Chekhov's literary activity is the effort to find the "lower steps."

He wanders among his people, among the moujiks and the intelligentsia, and the result is Happiness. An old shepherd is guarding sheep. He is nearing the end of his allotted span of life. But he has heard of a treasure buried in the steppe, and so he dreams of finding it. And when he is asked what he will do with the treasure if he finds it, he answers: "Do with it? H'm! . . . If I could only find it then . . . I would show them all. . . . H'm! . . . I should know what to do. . . ." Or, The Three Sisters, where all the characters hope for a change of the environment, thinking that peace of mind will come with change of scenery. "To Moscow! To Moscow!" they cry. And then A Living Chattel, where the environment has been changed, and everyone longs for the former life. These stories show people who are but puppets of their thoughts, flitting here and there, wanting this and that; never satisfied. They show a steady trend toward Chekhov's final period—that of disenchantment, of the settled conviction that the tragi-comedy of life lies in the fact that in spite of the hopelessness of it we still cling to it. And here Chekhov writes his three greatest stories: The Black Monk, Ward Number Six, and A Dreary Story. These stories are not pleasant stories. Chekhov's ideal was not to entertain; he thought it sufficient to portray life. And here the last fragment of hope is gone; dumb despair stares us in the face, and the characters, not being fighters, surrender. No idea of these stories is given here; they should be read and marveled at.

And these stories confirm Chekhov's genius. While he is an indifferent dramatist, his plays being but animated short stories, dull because drawn out, nobody can be compared to him in his own realm; there is but one Chekhov, just as there is but one Dostoevsky and one Tolstoi. In one short sentence he sketches an unforgettable character or paints a wondrous landscape. The characters are not his conception of what people should be, but people as they are, who live, complain, hope, are disappointed, and still live on. He is an unflinching realist, not in the sense that there is a bedroom scene every few pages (there is not, not even one), but rather because he shows people in every mood, under every circumstance, in every condition. Every sketch is a complete picture, every story a complete history. In spite of the ever-growing pessimism the style is light, easy to read. The words are almost like thoughts; they flit, leaving images, but no aftertaste. The author adds no color of his own. He has seen these things, or he has lived them, and he writes about them.

It can be easily understood that without a translator like Mrs. Garnett, who, like few translators from the Russian, knows her English, the entire work would lose its significance. She has rendered these stories with earnestness, with love of Chekhov.

NATHAN ASCH

Verse

Maine Coast. By Wilbert Snow. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.75.

Roast Leviathan. By Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.75.

Georgian Poetry 1920-1922. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Preludes 1921-1922. By John Drinkwater. Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.

Dublin Days. By L. A. G. Strong. Boni and Liveright. $1.25.

The Poems of Alice Meynell. Complete Edition. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

AS far as material goes, Mr. Snow has written one of the freshest and most interesting books of the year. He has observed his coast with enthusiasm and affection, and he has described it with energy. There is a real subject in every poem, and much real poetry. Olaf, George McGoon, Aunt Cal, A Lobster Catcher, Eben, and Mike are memorable persons; the water is sublime. However, a regrettable lot of the book is second-hand. Mr. Snow's metrical resources are singularly few, and seldom original. Hundreds of lines like "Enveloped in dim watery clouds of gray," "Whose music is the moaning of the sea," "He dreamed his April dreams of wealth and ease," "And sunsets played around his wrinkled cheeks," and dozens of adjectives in pairs—"the dauntless, sounding sea," "the grim, stark truth," "the long, dark night"—sound literary; whereas the last thing that such a volume should be is literary. There is some sentiment, some sermonizing; on a few occasions Mr. Snow is so eager to tell us something that he fails to say it in poetry, literary or otherwise. Yet "Maine Coast" is interesting, and doubtless will be read.

Among Mr. Untermeyer's new poems Monolog on a Mattress and Roast Leviathan are gorgeous, and Stand with Me Here is fine. Others would be remarkable were they better done—as well done as their author is capable of doing them. The ideas often are powerful, but the execution is feeble because Mr. Untermeyer, a very knowing poet, has too little respect for his problems. He can afford to be more tentative, to remember that the art of emphasis is a difficult art. Rather than labor to shape a conception and bring it gradually forth, he loads it with loud epithets and sets it running. It cannot run far, for its feet are prose.

The fifth volume of "Georgian Poetry" introduces seven new British poets, among whom the single woman, Miss V. Sackville-West, shows best. She has spring and brightness, two things that the editor of the series seems to look less and less for. With all its limitations, "Georgian Poetry" remains the most valuable collection of contemporary British poetry in existence. But the limitations are serious. There is too little humor, and there is too much description. Agreeable as it is to be

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entangled in country cadences while sounds and smells crowd close about, once one is free one forgets.

Mr. Drinkwater's "Preludes" were designed to follow Persuasion, a sonnet-sequence at the end of his preceding volume. Without exception they celebrate love, and their earnestness is impressive; though a certain virtuoso unctuousness in their every line must save them from a place among sheer, unassuming classics.

"Dublin Days," particularly the portion of it spoken in brogue, is a gem of lingo and delight. The ideas are brand new; the speech is real; when a point has been made, even if it was made in the third line, the poet stops; Mr. Strong is always merry and unafraid. Anyone alive would be glad to have written Zeke:

Gnarly and bent and deaf's a pos'
  Pore ol' Ezekiel Purvis
Goeth crippin' slowly up the 'ill
  To the Commoonion Survis.

And tappy tappy up the Haisle
  Goeth stick and brassy ferrule:
And Passen 'ath to stoopy down
  An' 'olley in ees yerole.

The present edition of the late Mrs. Meynell's work includes "Last Poems," published in February of this year, and is probably final. Little needs to be said about the greater part of it, firmly established as it already is. The last poems, like those that went before, are perfect in their tenuous way—shining with a spirit almost too pure for words, and tempered by an art that never tired.

MARK VAN DOREN

Men and Mountains

Ebony and Ivory. By Llewelyn Powys. American Library Service. $2.

MR. LLEWELYN POWYS is a poet. He sees in nature no radiant face of a beneficent deity nor manifestation of an immortal plan surpassing human understanding. Neither is he subject to an inverted romanticism like his contemporary Mr. Thomas Hardy, finding behind the veil a malignant force forever pitted against the puny aspirations of man. But the monstrous, indifferent beauty of the universe lies open before him like a scroll unrolled and he reads "On Ebony and Ivory the same dark doom is writ" without fear or hope. Mr. Powys is a realist and an Olympian.

Reading these little stories and sketches of Africa and England one thinks inevitably of Blake's "Tiger Tiger." There is in them all the superb terror and mystery of nature, the savage grace of primitive things, the bitter realization of the futility of aspiration in the face of certain doom. "What are we to do then?" cries Mr. Powys in the depths of the forest. "What you will," comes back the answer, "for nothing matters."

Of course, that is to be taken with a grain of salt. With a man of Mr. Powys's sensitiveness everything matters. If he build not a philosophy of indifference for himself wherein he may dwell as in an ivory tower, he must needs be crushed by the dreadful certainties of existence. So we find him saying: "If our days in the garden of the earth are in reality so uncertain, so brief, if there is indeed so little time for any of us to play under the blackthorn, if indeed, as was made clear to me then, death cannot be gainsaid, then surely the secret of so sorry and insecure an existence must lie in detachment, for he who would lose his heart to a life so beset with tragedy had best have a care for his wits."

It will be charged by many, and not altogether unjustly, that Mr. Powys has a little too much care for his wits, that his frank avowal of lofty detachment is a little out of date, a little too barbarous for this day of social significance. Perhaps so, but books like "Ebony and Ivory" are not created every day. Such works are born only "when men and mountains meet."

EDWIN SEAVER

Beyond Life

The Modern Novel. By Wilson Follett. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.
The Middle of the Road. By Sir Philip Gibbs. Doran and Company. $2.
Lady into Fox. By David Garnett. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

MR. WILSON FOLLETT'S study of the aims and methods of fiction is perhaps the best of those books which have attempted the difficult task of analyzing, not novelists, but the novel and of expounding the philosophy of fiction. Since the present is only a revised edition of a work already well known, it need not be reviewed, but one of the author's remarks may be taken as a starting-point. Mr. Follett notes the tendency easily observable in one wing of contemporary fiction to come closer and closer to the immediate concerns of every-day life and to approach the newspaper in immediacy of appeal, the author as creator and interpreter falling further and further into the background until the stream of news fuses with the stream of the reader's ordinary consciousness and becomes as directly interesting and as transitorily important as the daily round of trivial preoccupations. Thus timeliness and concomitant impermanence become an ideal which contrasts strangely with the ideal of permanence which up to the present has been professed by every scribbler.

Nothing could illustrate better the distinction just made than the two stories selected for review. Sir Philip Gibbs's account of the life of a post-war couple in London consists of the subject matter of several hundred Sunday special feature stories digested into fictional form. To the present reviewer it is not interesting at all and although there are undoubtedly hundreds whom it will fascinate, even they will not find it endurable beyond tomorrow. Soon it will be as stale as last year's divorce scandal, and it is a mockery to send it forth in the pretended permanence of cloth covers. Who would bind up the *Illustrated News?*

On the other hand Mr. Garnett's little tale of an English country gentleman who saw his wife turn into a fox under his eyes and was compelled to watch her abandon little by little her ladyhood for vixenishness is as untimely and as permanently interesting as the Nun's Priest's Tale. It is now neither more nor less significant than it would have been or will be in any civilized century, and so charmingly is it told that I should not be at all surprised to see it become a minor classic. Yet such books are a sore trial to the reviewer. Conscience will not let him pass them by, but how can he explain their unobtrusive charm?

"Wonderful or supernatural events," begins the author in his best eighteenth-century manner, "are not so uncommon, rather they are irregular in their incidence. Thus there may not be one marvel to speak of in a century, and then often enough come a plentiful crop of them; monsters of all sorts swarm suddenly upon the earth, comets blaze in the sky, mermaids and sirens beguile, and sea serpents engulf every passing ship, and terrible cataclysms beset humanity." After this suave, naively inadequate reflection as a beginning, we are off and it is well that there are but ninety-seven pages in all (including the charming wood cuts by R. A. Garnett), for worse calamities than Sir Philip describes would have to befall society in order to pull the reader away before the conclusion of the story. In the beginning little but the lady's body seemed changed; she walked, a bit self-consciously to be sure, upon her hind legs; she played at cards with her husband; and, modesty not deserting her, she wore always at least a dressing-gown in his presence. It is but natural in such cases, I suppose, that the soul should change less rapidly, but change it did and at the moment when the lady-fox lapses in attention to the story of "Clarissa Harlowe" which her husband is reading aloud to her and fixes her gaze intently upon the caged bird, a premonitory shudder goes over the reader and he realizes that the end is inevitable. In spite of all the husband's loving-kindness, she

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will slip away into the woods and fall gradually into the habits enjoined upon her by her nature. What then could be expected save that pursued at last by dogs she should die torn in her husband's very arms?

Mr. Garnett was born out of his time and his work has the serenity of a happier age. I can imagine him most easily as contributing to the *Spectator* or, a little later, reading with vast approval "The History of Jonathan Wild" which has just come down from London by coach, and I see him in this setting rather than in a modern one, not only because of his crystal style and the slightly archaic flavor which adheres to his use of certain words, but also because such sophistication combined with so little conscious smartness is a typically eighteenth-century trait. With marvelous art or marvelous luck he has struck precisely the tone which his tale demands, and without one jarring phrase or one lapse from the dominant mood, he has given it the form which, as in all first-class work, seems inevitable. The fantasy and the humor are inherent in the tale itself which needs only the Augustan clarity of his style to show them at their true value, and if any satire or allegory is intended it is not stressed. As matter of fact as Defoe and as graceful as Addison, it is perfect in its kind.

In conclusion we may again fall back upon Mr. Follett and one of his theses which is that all great novels are in one sense realistic. Surely "Lady into Fox" is good, not because it is false, but because it is true, because far as it is from the childishness of allegory, many of the incidents have a curious, dim resemblance to things observed and the whole has the intangible relevance of a dream in which all outward happenings are entirely wrong but the spiritual substance completely right. Like life itself this little story is continually suggesting an allegory without being one. J. W. KRUTCH

The Prophet-Huckster

David Lubin, a Study in Practical Idealism. By Olivia Rossetti Agresti. Little, Brown and Company. $3.50.

FEW more fascinating stories have appeared in recent biography than this of David Lubin. Just how a prosperous shopkeeper in Sacramento, an all-fired "booster" and "reg'ler guy," whose youth had been spent as a sweated apprentice in a Massachusetts factory, as a drummer for a lamp-manufacturing concern, as a prospector in Arizona, and as an inventor of improvements in the seams of overalls, ever came to be one of the world's elect spirits, one of the great prophets of our time, is still a mystery despite Signora Agresti's painstaking biography. Perhaps his having been a Jew, and a Jew raised by an intensely pious mother in the conviction that from birth he had been marked out for the "service of the Lord," can alone explain the phenomenon. Far fetched as it may seem, the motive of the Jew's craving for revenge on a bitter Christian world—that deepest revenge attained only by returning good for evil—may yet be the truest interpretation of the crusade of this David Lubin.

Signora Agresti's work is honest and conscientious, but rather lacking in that subtlety and insight required in an adequate account of the life of so strange a character. It is a great pity H. G. Wells has not carried out the intention he once expressed of writing a novel around this huckster turned prophet; it would have made a fascinating book. For David Lubin lived a romance, lived superbly and sublimely the romance of a self-made man. But not a man self-made for the service of self; on the contrary, a man eager to grow in wealth and knowledge and power only "ad majorem Dei gloriam." He was crude to the end of his days, as the biography frankly tells, crude though for a score of years before his death he had been hobnobbing with kings and potentates. He was never altogether at home with the elegances of thought or art, and his language to the last was rough-hewn and blustering. But he was dignified and winning nevertheless, for he was instinct with social passion and courageous beyond words. No greater tribute can be paid to the power of a conviction than this: that an insignificant Jewish department-store owner from out in Sacramento could come to Italy unheralded and without friends, and despite his gaucherie and camp lingo and portfolio of "to whom it may concern" recommendations from American grange masters and chambers of commerce presidents could yet penetrate to the King himself and make him sponsor the organization of an International Institute of Agriculture.

That the Institute never achieved all that David Lubin dreamed for it is only natural. It had perforce to involve the meddling of diplomats, and diplomats are rarely men of vision. The marvel of it is that the movement survived at all the vandalism of those "practical" men of affairs. As it was, and only because of the persistence of the mad dreamer, the Institute withstood even the stress and shock of the war, and remained the only international body intact after 1914! In its quiet way it continued its invaluable labor of collecting crop reports from every corner of the world, heroically aiming to forestall the speculator and outwit the middleman and thus bring on the era of the "just measure and just weight." It was and is a great achievement, one of the few harbingers in our world of the Day of God that Lubin dreamed of. It holds out a promise as do few other agencies in existence today of binding the world together so that it can never again fall apart. And for its inception and existence this prophet-huckster almost alone is to be praised. To every dreamer of world dreams, and to every lover of dreamers, this life story of David Lubin will give joy and hope immeasurable. LEWIS BROWNE

An Argentinian Novelist

Nacha Regules. By Manuel Galvez. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

"WE must overcome the dreamy, lethargic spirit, the colonial *siesta* bequeathed us by Spanish decadence. We must have activity, energy, the enthusiasm of the New Argentine!" Thus speaks the winner of the prize for letters in Buenos Aires in 1920, hailed by his compatriots and neighbors as the "great American realist," the "founder of the Argentinian novel," the "South American Zola."

Manuel Galvez has set out to produce a Comédie Humaine of life in Argentina. It is a venture of decided interest to his distant neighbors where only one of the novels has been translated and that scarcely reviewed. At times, when he hymns machinery, organization, the "go ahead" spirit, we hear our own popular prophets speaking through the unfamiliar medium of a Chesterfieldian prose. And when, on the next page, the mystic yearning, the ecstatic inner life of a dreamer assume their equal value, we halt at a new conception of the American spirit.

Already there are six novels in the series. "La Maestra Normal" ("The High School Teacher") deals with the educational system; "El Mal Metafisico," which might be popularly translated "The Thinking Disease," with the life of artists and writers in Buenos Aires; "La Sombra del Convento" ("The Shadow of the Convent"), with church influence; "Nacha Regules," with prostitution; and "La Tragedia de un Hombre Fuerte" ("The Tragedy of a Strong Man"), with politics.

"Sad, sane, robust, broad-minded" are the adjectives applied to this evaluation of the life of a community. The novels are realistic in the orthodox Zola sense: documented statements of human insufficiency. But something Galvez must sacrifice to the gods of the New World. His happy ending appears in the form of spiritual regeneration. His idealistic hero, poet, social reformer, politician struggles against unconquerable odds in the lethargy and poverty of the human soul and emerges without practical accomplishment, but happy in a sort of Wagnerian redemption through suffering.

"Nacha Regules," now appearing in an excellent translation, is the fifth of the series and a sequel to "El Mal Metafisico."

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Nacha was a prostitute, noble, unfortunate, and finally saved. The search for her awakens the hero to an understanding of social injustice by leading him through "all the circles of the hell" of prostitution in Buenos Aires. Prostitutes "ain't no treat" to the reading public in these days, but the breezy semi-barbarism of cabaret life in the city between the vast river and the vast plains, where half-breed millionaires in white spats and hands loaded with rings dance the tango with an intermission of pistol shots, has a flavor of its own.

Nacha and her friends are all duly repentant and anxious to get back to a virtuous life. The cause of their fall—for Galvez, no moral revolutionary, has no doubt that it was a fall—was low wages and the unsympathetic attitude of society. Except for a Latin calmness in mentioning the details of evil, the book is reminiscent of the nineteenth-century humanitarian novel, from Kingsley to Mrs. Humphry Ward, where the solution was for the hero or heroine to share the lot of the poor and thus find salvation.

Expressionism seems not yet to have struck South America. Galvez, alluded to in the Latin style as "a noble man of letters" and a "representative of culture" in a country where widespread reading is an achievement of the last twenty years, Galvez has the monumental style of his monumental purpose. It is moving, however; it has the bite of earnest sarcasm, and merits the interest bestowed on the new spokesman of a new country.

RUTH UNDERHILL

Books in Brief

After the Peace. By Henry Noel Brailsford. Thomas Seltzer. $1.50.

Mr. Brailsford's keen analysis of the decay of the urban civilization of Europe is republished here substantially as it appeared in England two years ago. Time has not blunted it; indeed the present occupation of the Ruhr gives new force to his fears. He has small faith in the permanence of the Franco-British alliance which has been ruling Europe, or in the power of the League to supersede it. He sees hope only in a sort of economic league, rationing raw materials, but he realizes that even a victory of the British Labor Party would hardly have achieved that. He concludes that capitalism has evolved on suicidal lines, that we live in a defeated civilization, and his gloom is very convincing.

A History of Ancient Greek Literature. By Harold N. Fowler. The Macmillan Company. $3.

Revised edition of a first-rate textbook, which is more than a textbook because it fulfils the author's intention that it "may perhaps be of some interest to the general reading public." The book is written in sound style, free from schoolroom chalk dust, by a man who cares for his subject. The only uncomfortable thing in it is a sentence that brings to mind long forgotten college courses in Greek: "The book contains little or nothing which should not be familiar to every educated man and woman!"

Labor and Empire. A Study of the Reaction of British Labor, Mainly as Represented in Parliament, to British Imperialism since 1880. By Tingfu F. Tsiang. Longmans, Green and Company.

A compendious study of British labor's attitude to imperialism from which the Chinese author concludes that the Labor Party has done rather better than the Trade Union Congress, and that, although rather slow in awakening to the danger, and interested in manifestations of imperialism in inverse proportion to their distance from home, the Labor Party is now and is likely to remain the rallying-point of anti-imperialism.

Songs for Fishermen. Collected by Joseph Morris and St. Clair Adams. Stewart Kidd Company. $2.50.

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A Room with a View. By E. M. Forster. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

A wise and merry book, full of delicious satire and penetrating observation, by an English novelist with a deservedly growing reputation.

Sonnets and Poems of Anthero de Quental. Translated by S. Griswold Morley. University of California Press. $2.25.

The best translations to date from this important Portuguese poet. Monotonous, like the original, but thoughtful and fine.

John Long's Voyages and Travels in the Years 1768-1788. Edited by Milo Milton Quaife. The Lakeside Classics. R. R. Donnelly and Sons Company.

An engaging narrative, full of observations upon the Indians north of the Great Lakes. Reprinted from Thwaites's "Jesuit Relations" for this most attractive series.

Music

Next Year at the Metropolitan

ONE impresario in the history of operatics gave opera solely and without shame to please himself. The name of this singular impresario was Ludwig Wittelsbach; his surname, "the Mad." He ruled in Bavaria until his scandalized relatives and his disapproving ministers shut him up. Ludwig and his ministers are dead and the Wittelsbach dynasty is at least in abeyance, and the people of Munich today oftenest refer to "mad" Ludwig II as "the Sane"! But, mad or sane, he was not a "successful" impresario. The public never stormed his box office. Indeed, he hadn't any box office. He gave opera for an all-sufficient, and all-insufficient, audience of one.

The late Oscar Hammerstein was a genius, but he wasn't mad, save in so far as every genius can claim a share in the lunary divinity. He was a little less than Ludwig, for he gave opera only partly to please himself. So long as he pleased also that vaguely guessed-at Nemesis of impresarios which is, though no man yet knows how, the public, his box office prospered. His madness was never so acute but that he had a weather eye cocked at the cash till. Always he *hoped* to please a public by pleasing himself. His longest bout with opera management lasted four seasons, at his own Manhattan Opera House, in the city of New York. But eventually his Nemesis got him by forsaking him. The whole theater business went bad one year and in disgust he pulled up stakes and proceeded to try his operatic conclusions with London town, where he succeeded in pleasing neither Oscar Hammerstein nor London!

Now, Giulio Gatti-Casazza is not a Ludwig II, nor yet an Oscar Hammerstein. Perish the veriest suspicion! If he were, he would hardly have guided the destinies of the Metropolitan Opera House for fifteen long, laborious winters. He has recently announced his projects for his sixteenth winter at the foremost opera house in the United States. They do not superficially suggest a desire to please any individual or any group except the aforementioned vaguely guessed-at Nemesis, the public. Just what the "public" is must always be a moot question, but Mr. Gatti-Casazza, without the hint of a slant of selfishness in his promulgations, lays on the table the catalogue of his wares for 1923-24.

Since in the list of singers newly engaged there appears no name hitherto unknown to New Yorkers that is likely to set the circumambient water afire, unless the Spanish tenor Miguel Fleta should turn out a second Gayarre, if not "the new Caruso," interest centers on the list of novelties and revivals.

Of these nine are specified. "Martha," unheard at the Metropolitan since Caruso sang in it, is recalled for the tenor Gigli, with Mme. Alda as the prospective singer of "The Last Rose of Summer." The Sardou-Giordano "Fedora," which once served

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as "vehicle" for the Metropolitan debut of the lovely Lina Cavalieri, will give Maria Jeritza, who has Sardoudled to the pleasure of the public and the box office in the Sardou-Puccini "Tosca," a favorable opportunity to Sardoudle some more. Mascagni's "L'Amico Fritz," which, even with the puissant aid of Emma Calvé, failed to enthrall the local public thirty years ago, will try to prove to the present generation, as "Iris" and other works have tried, that Mascagni is not the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and nothing else. Cut down to a two-act version, it will doubtless be bracketed with either "Cavalleria" itself or with "Pagliacci." So far the public may be [illegible] but the service to the cause called art is at least

[illegible]he return of "Le Coq d'Or," "Die Meistersinger," [illegible]d." They are welcome to the repertory which in-[illegible]esence will distinguish. "Der Freischütz" will be [illegible] addition of recitatives specially composed for the [illegible] Artur Bodanzky, who did a like service for the Metr[illegible] production of the opera that Weber wrote to an Englis[illegible], "Oberon." Spoken dialogue is a difficult thing to manage successfully in the huge Metropolitan. Mr. Gatti-Casazza feels very properly that Weber's masterpiece, which has never taken root at the Metropolitan, will have a much better chance if the dialogue is sung. Mr. Bodanzky has noteworthy predecessors in the inventing of recitatives for "Der Freischütz." Hector Berlioz supplied them for the French translation; Michael Costa for the Italian.

But the most arresting part of Mr. Gatti-Casazza's announcement is the brace of novelties. They are Massenet's "Le Roi de Lahore" and Raoul Laparra's "La Habanera." I doubt if the hardiest of guessers would ever have hit upon "Le Roi de Lahore" for a Metropolitan production at this date. Massenet's first operatic success was brought out at the Paris Opera on April 27, 1877. It served its purpose of establishing in the theater one of the most prolific and popular of French opera composers, and so having done its bit, it lapsed from the repertory in France, though Massenet operas that succeeded it so soon as "Hérodiade," "Le Cid," and "Manon," survive sturdily. But there is an air for baritone in "Le Roi de Lahore," the wicked Scindia's "Promesse de mon avenir," that refused to subside. The air has a special interest due to the fact that it is simon-pure Massenet. The opera itself is clearly modeled on Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine"—the wildly melodramatic action passes in India, partly on earth, partly in heaven! Besides the determining Meyerbeer influence, the young Massenet also felt strongly the influences of Gounod and of Wagner. Still, this air is not Meyerbeer, nor yet is it Gounod, nor is it by any manner of means Wagner, though knowledge of all three went into the making of it. It is the thing that for good or for ill we now recognize as peculiarly and quintessentially Massenet. The great Lasalle, who sang it first, was at every performance "encored" in this air, even, so it is said, when he sang it a half-tone flat throughout, an accident that occasionally befell Lasalle. Such was the effect of the suave and polished passion of the music when combined with a voice of the richness and majesty of Lasalle's.

This air has been for over four decades a favorite concert number with baritone singers. And on the strength of it "Le Roi de Lahore" has of late years been sung occasionally as a baritone's opera by Italian companies, despite its desuetude in France. There was, for instance, a revival of the work by the Italian opera company in Buenos Aires three years ago, when the baritone Galeffi (who has sung in New York at various times) was the Scindia. The Metropolitan production (hitherto "Le Roi de Lahore" is a stranger to the North American stage, save for some performances in New Orleans many years ago) is doubtless designed for the benefit of Titta Ruffo, and besides the participation of that baritone of might, it will profit by scenery from the gorgeous brush of Boris Anisfeld, who will not fail to luxuriate in all the splendors of the Indian scene, earthly and heavenly! Thus sumptuously set "Le Roi de Lahore" is sure to be a stunning spectacle—there is an elaborate ballet as one of the allurements of the Indian paradise—however it may pan out musically in tomorrow's year of grace.

"La Habanera" is a different matter. If Feodor Chaliapin were cast for Ramon, it would beyond all question prove a sensation and a triumph. With Giuseppe Danise, the outcome is not so sure. In a flaming moment of Spanish jealousy brother slays brother, for the love of a woman, of course, and then begins the long remorse. Always he who lives is haunted by the rude street tune, the *habanera*, that a band was playing outside the window when he struck the blow. There is an infinitude of engrossing detail in this opera of material brutality and of spiritual agony, for which Laparra wrote the text as well as the music. Will Mr. Gatti-Casazza's cast, unless a Chaliapin takes part, get it over to the audience in the huge Metropolitan? There's the rub! I, for my part, most earnestly hope it will, for "La Habanera" is certainly one of the very best operas that the twentieth century has so far brought forth, an opera that New York ought to have known at first hand years ago.

It was produced originally at the Paris Opéra Comique in 1908. London heard it not long afterwards. It was given at the Boston Opera House with Blanchart as Ramon in the season of 1910-11, and later on was revived there with Jean Riddez. Campanini was planning when he died to give it in Chicago with the part of Ramon repointed for the tenor voice of Muratore. There was a highly successful revival at the Opéra Comique last autumn when Vanni-Marcoux appeared as Ramon. I recall Victor Maurel telling me a dozen years ago that if he were ten years younger he would take that opera himself and "go around the world with it." "It embraces," he added, "the whole of human experience!" And readily you can pardon any little exaggeration that issued from his honest enthusiasm. No one who really cares for the lyric stage can help the eager wish that the Metropolitan production of "La Habanera" may somehow succeed in expressing to New York the extraordinary quality of an opera that is [illegible]ke no other the stage has known.

It would be easy enough to pick flaws in Mr. Gatti-Casazza's list of nine—why "Martha" and no Mozart, why Giordano and no Gluck, why no recognition of the younger composers of his own Italy—Respighi, Pizzetti, Zandonai? I won't argue his defense, though in the specific instance there is something to be said *pro* as well as *con*. But the text of the announcement bears further this intriguing adumbration: "Another new opera will probably be chosen later on." What right have we to assume that this later choice will necessarily fall on another "Anima Allegra"? How do we know, for instance, that Mr. Gatti-Casazza won't this time single out some very interesting work by a member of the young Italian school, which so far has been represented operatically in this country only by the "Conchita" and the "Francesca da Rimini" of Zandonai?

PITTS SANBORN

Drama

The Negro Players

ON the evening of May 7 there were several openings in New York. One was the Equity performance of "The Rivals"; one was the appearance of the Negro Players; the others represented theatric hack-work of various kinds. I was the only dramatic critic but one who chose to go to the Frazee Theater to see the first New York performance of the Ethiopian Art Theater—I could wish that a more sensible name had been selected—rather than to the Longacre or the Punch and Judy or the Equity Playhouse. It isn't a question of being a Negrophile; I detest the subtle patronage of the word's implication

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anyhow; it's a question of being interested in art—art as expression, as fresh, as creative, as enlarging vision and experience. Of art in that sense the Negro Players offered the only chance on the evening of May 7; one other and I were the only professional reviewers present.

There is, as few people know, a flourishing "colored show business." Four or five musical comedies and revues are touring the country; there are minstrels and vaudeville "acts" without number; there are fifty Negro "acts" in burlesque. Much of this activity, granting talent and energy, is of slight interest; much of it always strikes me as an actual imitation of the white "black-faced" comedian—an imitation, from the Negro's point of view, of a caricature of himself. All these things then have little or no value as art, as an expression of either the Negro individual or the Negro race. It was the performance of Mr. Charles Gilpin in "The Emperor Jones" that first attained such value. Mr. Raymond O'Neil's group of Negro players attains it, I believe, in an even higher degree.

Everything here is tentative and new. Other performances of other plays will be given. A final judgment, even an approach to something so rigid as a judgment, must wait. I want, for the moment, to register impressions. These may have their slight value for the players and their audiences.

I always shut my eyes during some portion of an important production. It is only so that one brings into relief the voices and diction of actors. I do not think that I have ever heard so many fine, resonant, well-modulated voices on the boards of a single theater during a single performance. The voices had range, a wide range of emotional expression. But at certain points they never rang quite true. Wherever in the text of Wilde's "Salome" the vocal expression called for was one of eerie aloofness or cold despair or anything fierce, harsh, terrible—there the voices, beautiful as they were, failed. For in them was always a murmur and a singing quality that was sunny and kindly and simple.

The diction was extraordinarily interesting. It was, generally speaking, correct; it was clear. It was quite inimitably itself. You could never have imagined this speech the speech of any other race. It gave the Wilde text a new tone-color, a new flavor. And it was shared by all the players. It left no room for doubt that the Negro speaks an English which is his own, which he has made in his spiritual image, which is unique beyond such external things as accent or pronunciation. This English has a strange softness, a minor note, an echo of wailing. . . .

What is more definite and certain though less new and significant is the mere acting. Miss Evelyn Preer, for instance, is an accomplished artist. I liked her better in the little realistic folk-play "The Chip Woman's Fortune" than as Salome. But take the two impersonations together and you gain a very high notion of her range and skill. And for all the concrete realism of her acting in the folk-play there was a touch of humble poetry in it too which saved it—as indeed the whole play was saved—from any tinge of the sordid. Mr. Sidney Kirkpatrick had moments as Herod that were haunting; he had other moments that were strangely inadequate. The latter were the moments of desperate laughter, of mad arrogance, of cold despair. His pleading was exquisite. That is it: the Negro voice is a beseeching voice. But I must hasten to add that in neither piece was there any bad acting, tawdry acting, acting of that mere shoddy artificiality which is so frequent on Broadway. I am anxious to see the other pieces in the company's repertory, not for the sake of those pieces nor for the sake of Mr. O'Neil's directing or his scenes—both are very good indeed, though the former betrays odd little lapses—but for the sake of a strange, beautiful, haunting quality that came from that first performance, that I cannot define or even clearly describe today, but that gives me hints of something immeasurably precious and important—hints of the soul of a folk.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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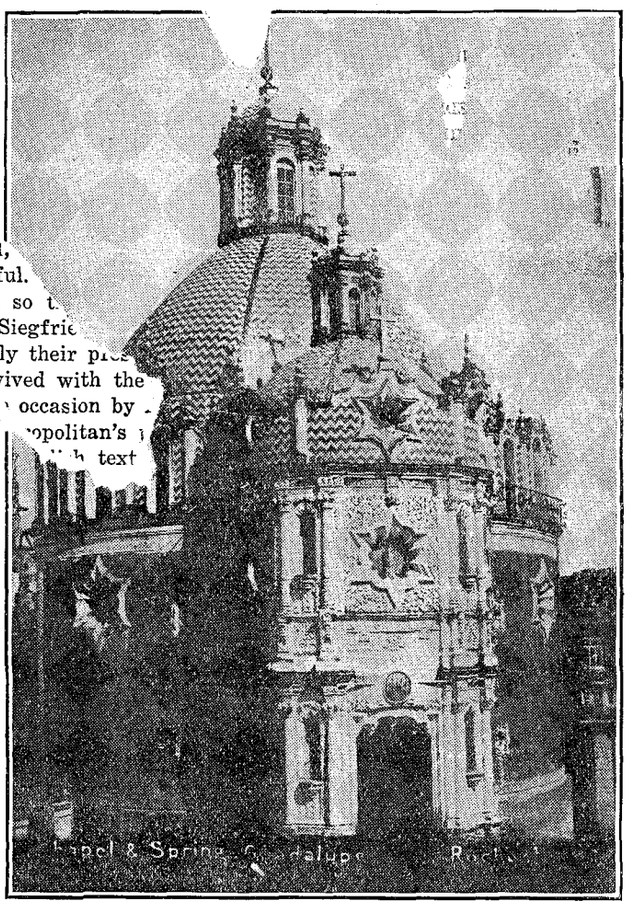

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International Relations Section

Colonization in Mexico

By J. M. BEJARANO

THE colonization law of December 15, 1883, conferred upon the President of the Republic power to dispose of national lands to foreign immigrants and Mexicans desiring to settle on them, but this law was suspended on December 18, 1909, as it was found that the demarcation of the lands was not accurate. A redemarcation was ordered. Official commissions are still working in the drawing of plans and maps and considerable data are now ready; but the powers authorizing the Executive to dispose of national lands will not be granted again until the new land law is issued providing the terms and conditions under which grants are to be made. This, of course, does not include exceptional cases where special authority is vested in the President. It is expected that the new law, when issued, will limit the holdings of any single person to 5,000 hectares (about 12,500 acres).

The Department of Agriculture of the Mexican Government is now disposing of national lands. It is putting them in the hands of colonization companies, but the contracts covering these grants specifically state that the right of ownership and possession is not conferred upon the companies, and the titles are not issued in their favor but in the name of the settlers.

The demarcation of the land is effected by engineers appointed by the Government, which pays their salaries and transportation, any other expenses to be for account of the colonization companies. The parcels of land are sold by the companies to the settlers, at prices fixed by the companies and approved by the Government, and as a compensation for their work and capital invested the companies retain practically the total revenue paid by the settlers, deducting a small part only which belongs to the National Treasury. The proportion of foreigners and Mexicans to constitute a settlement is also established in the contract granting the land to the company.

As provided by Article 7 of the law of 1883, for a period of ten years beginning on the date the settlers take possession of the land granted they enjoy exemption from military service; from all taxes except municipal; from all import and internal duties on foodstuffs that cannot be obtained locally, agricultural implements, tools, machinery, supplies, homebuilding material, household furniture, and animals for breeding purposes; from export duties on the fruits raised by them; and from fees on passports and legalization of signatures. Prizes are also given to them for special work and accomplishments, and they receive a bonus and protection if a new cultivation or industry is started by them.

Finally, the Government furnishes geologists to explore for underground water, and consulting engineers for the erection of dams and reservoirs.

Although the Department of Agriculture has maps showing national lands, the maps are still provisional and imperfect, as the demarcation lines have not in most cases been definitely established. Maps of the states of Sonora, Chihuahua, Nayarit, San Luis Potosi, Sinaloa, Coahuila, Durango, and Tabasco are now available, and the Department is working on the maps of Guerrero and Chiapas. A general map of the Republic of Mexico has also been prepared, showing national lands and containing climatic information that may give an idea as to the agronomic conditions of the different regions.

Southern California has the largest acreage of national lands, with more than thirty million acres; Chihuahua has thirteen million; Sonora and Quintana Roo have nearly as much; and Chiapas, Tabasco, Nayarit, and Veracruz have in the neighborhood of three million acres. The states of Campeche, Coahuila, Durango, Guanajuato, Guerrero, Jalisco, Nuevo Leon, San Luis Potosi, Sinaloa, Tamaulipas, Yucutan, and Zacatecas, and the Cozumel and Mujeres Islands, also contain large extensions of national lands the demarcation of which has practically been finished.

Yucatan's New Divorce Law

A NEW divorce law has just gone into effect in Yucatan, with especially interesting provisions in regard to the custody of children. The law reads:

Article 1. Divorce is the legal dissolution of the bond of matrimony, leaving those who have been married free to contract another marriage.

Art. 2. Suit for divorce can be brought by either husband or wife, or both. In cases where marriage is contracted outside the state the plaintiff must present the marriage certificate in accordance with the provisions of Article 55 of the Civil Code, and must have resided in some part of the state for one month.

Art. 3. Any person wishing to obtain a divorce must present the marriage certificate and must be bound by oath to give the correct number of children, their names and ages, the place in which they are located, and the names of the persons in charge of them.

Art. 4. Suit for divorce may be brought before any civil judge in the state, who, if the provisions of the preceding articles have been carried out, shall openly decree it in accordance with the terms of Article 141 of the Civil Code.

Art. 5. The children involved shall for the time being remain in the custody of the person who was in charge of them when the divorce was granted, without affecting the right of the parents to demand back their children from the court, after which the children shall remain permanently under their custody in accordance with Article 8 of this law.

Art. 6. When divorce is desired by both husband and wife, any question relating to children or property may be previously settled before a notary public by presenting the necessary evidence to the civil registration official and having this procedure included in the act of divorce.

Art. 7. In case no agreement relating to the children or property has been reached, the divorce shall be granted subject to the provisions of the following article:

Art. 8. The legal effects of divorce are:

I. Absolute separation of husband and wife, restoration of their original legal status, and the consequent freedom of each to enter into a new marriage contract, the woman being subject to a limitation of 300 days dating from the day of divorce or actual separation before she can enter into another contract. This limitation does not apply to cases in which the divorced pair wish to remarry.

II. Determination of the permanent status of the children in accordance with the following provisions:

(a) If the husband and wife agree on the custody of the children, the decision shall become legal.

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THESE UNITED STATES

Edited by Ernest Gruening

BEING a series on the separate commonwealths that compose our republic. Every one of these chapters is an acute appraisal of the author's state and its people, frequently destructive of some of the state's cherished characteristics, frequently a song of pride and joy in the state's beauties and accomplishments, each written by an understanding mind and inspired by that true patriotism that refuses to offer lip service to mass standards. Twenty-seven states are discussed in this volume.

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Mary Austin of Arizona,
Robert Herrick of Maine,
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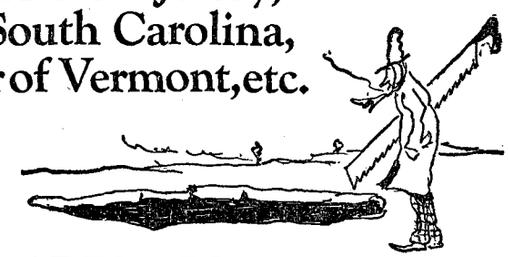
Dorothy Canfield Fisher of Vermont, etc.



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(b) If no agreement on this subject is reached, sons under six years of age, and daughters of any age, shall remain in the custody of the mother; sons over six years and under fourteen years shall remain in the custody of whichever parent is designated by the judge, and children over fourteen years of either sex shall live with whichever parent they shall choose.

III. Provisions for the maintenance of the minor children, the expense of which shall be paid by both parents in proportion to their financial ability.

IV. Division and recovery of property, when the marriage has been contracted in accordance with existing laws, and the dissolution of the legal partnership, if such existed, in accordance with the provisions relating thereto.

Art. 9. The proper judicial authority shall be responsible for the application of the preceding article in conformity with the following regulations:

(a) Questions relating to the custody of the children and provision for their maintenance shall be fully provided for in accordance with the laws pertaining thereto, with the understanding that such decisions have no appeal beyond that of responsibility.

(b) Questions relating to division of property and dissolution of the legal partnership shall be examined on the basis of any existing agreements. All such matters shall come under the business of the Public Ministry.

Art. 10. In case of misconduct of the husband or wife, a petition from either one is sufficient to terminate parental control, and if no one is available for the custody of the children, they shall be provided for in accordance with the law relating to minors.

Art. 11. Request for transferring the custody of the children on the grounds of misconduct on the part of the husband or wife, or both, shall be submitted in writing, in conformity with the provisions of the Code of Civil Procedure.

Art. 12. The father and mother shall still have the same responsibilities for their children even when they forfeit parental control.

Art. 13. When in accordance with the preceding provisions the husband or wife is not given the custody of a child, or has forfeited parental control, he or she will still be entitled to maintain personal relations with the child, subject to any regulations made by the highest local authority at the request of either husband or wife.

The State Civil Code has also been amended as follows in regard to marriage:

Art. 44. Matrimony is the voluntary and dissoluble union between a man and a woman, based on the love of making a home, and declared before the competent authority with the formalities established by law.

Art. 48. When parents are lacking, consent must be obtained from the one who has been granted parental control or from the guardian, as the case may be. In case guardians are lacking, consent shall be obtained from the highest municipal authority.

Art. 50. When the parents or guardians refuse their consent, and their decision does not seem reasonable, the interested party may appeal to the highest municipal authority in the place of residence of either one of the persons wishing to marry, and said authority in the presence of these persons and in conformity with the Civil Registration Code, will give or withhold the consent desired.

Art. 55. The marriage of a foreign couple performed outside the national limits, which is valid under the laws of the country in which it was contracted, shall be equally valid in the state, if the husband or wife, or both, present the marriage certificate for registration at the local civil registration office.

Art. 61. The law recognizes no relationship other than that of consanguinity or relationship by marriage. Consanguinity is the relationship between people of the same family, even though the original parents may not have been married. Relationship by marriage is the relationship existing between a married person and the relatives of the husband or wife.

Art. 67. The husband must support the wife, even though she has not contributed property to the marriage, and this provision shall not be affected by the terms of Chapter 4 of this title.

Art. 68. The husband and wife must protect and respect each other, each fulfilling the requests of the other, in domestic matters as well as those pertaining to the education of the children.

Art. 80. The one who is responsible for support fulfils this obligation by assigning a sufficient allowance to the person in need of support, or by taking him into his own family, except in case of divorce, in which case the last part of this article does not apply.

Art. 83. If only certain ones have property, then they shall share the amount needed for support; and if only one has property, he alone shall take over the obligation, holding the right to be reimbursed by the others as soon as the insolvency has ceased.

Art. 88. In case the parents are deriving income from the property of the child, this income shall be used to cover the expenses for support if it is sufficient. If not sufficient, the difference shall be made up by the parents.

Students and Teachers to Rule

A SYSTEM of government by teachers and students was authorized in the University of San Luis Potosi, Mexico, on January 9. The January issue of *Juventud* prints the following proclamation by "Citizen Rafael Nieto, Constitutional Governor of the Free and Sovereign State of San Luis Potosi, to his people":

The XXVII Constitutional Congress of the free and sovereign state of San Luis Potosi decrees the following:

Article 1. The autonomous State University is hereby established, to be known as the University of San Luis Potosi.

Article 2. The University is established with:

I. The departments forming the Scientific and Literary Institute, namely, the Preparatory School, the Department of Medicine, the Department of Jurisprudence, the Department of Engineering, the Commercial School, and the School of Chemistry.

II. The Dr. Miguel Otero City Hospital for technical instruction.

III. State Public Library.

IV. Meteorological Observatory.

V. Normal School section of the State Department of Education.

Article 3. The object of the Potosi University is to have exclusive control and supervision of secondary, professional, and higher education.

Article 4. The University of San Luis Potosi shall be a legal entity and shall enjoy complete autonomy in its scientific, technical, and educational organization, with absolute freedom to administer the funds belonging to it.

Article 5. The University shall be governed by a Rector, a University Council, and an Assembly.

The Rector shall be elected by secret ballot in the General Assembly, with the Council taking part, and shall hold office for three years subject to reelection.

The University Council shall consist of four Councilors, three of whom shall be named by the professors of the Professional, Preparatory, and Normal Schools respectively, and the fourth by the students in these departments. Two of the Councilors shall be chosen by lot to hold office for one year and the other two shall remain for two years, so that in the future half the

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What Mexico is Doing for Education

The following are the official figures for the years of 1910, 1920 and 1921. Those for 1922 have not yet been published, except for the Federal District (City of Mexico and surroundings), as shown below.

STATISTICS DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

	1910	1920	1921	1922
Budget Department of Public Instruction, in Pesos	6,605,000	2,218,165	9,802,770	49,826,716
Total Federal Government Budget, in Pesos	95,029,000	213,250,118	250,803,140	383,658,608
Proportion Department of Public Instruction Budget to Total Budget	6.61%	1.04%	3.92%	13.0%
Government Schools	9,752	8,161	9,547	
Private Schools	2,107	1,061	1,494	
Total Schools	11,859	9,222	11,041	
Students in Government Schools	695,449	679,897	757,339	
Students in Private Schools	52,613	72,460	110,701	
Total Students	848,062	743,896	868,040	
Teachers, Government Schools	16,370	17,211	18,992	
Teachers, Private Schools	4,062	2,309	3,947	
Total Teachers	20,432	19,524	22,939	
Census	13,614,000 (Of 1900)	15,069,000 (Of 1910)	14,313,093 (Of 1920)	
Proportion Attendance to Population	6.23%	4.93%	6.06%	

Not yet available. See figures below for the Federal District.

The first official statistical information published for 1922, concerning the results of the campaign the Mexican Government is carrying on in behalf of education, is the following comparative table, which shows the phenomenal attendance increase in the schools for the Federal District (Mexico City and surroundings).

INCREASE IN ATTENDANCE IN SCHOOLS IN FEDERAL DISTRICT (CITY OF MEXICO AND SURROUNDINGS)

	1921	1922
IN GOVERNMENT PRIMARY SCHOOLS	59,232	84,899
IN PRIVATE PRIMARY SCHOOLS	13,051	22,133
IN KINDERGARTENS	2,607	2,641
IN NORMAL SCHOOLS	486	737
IN NIGHT SCHOOLS	3,120	11,025
IN CENTERS AGAINST ILLITERACY	571	5,542
IN TECHNICAL SCHOOLS	7,550	13,957
IN ART AND MUSIC SCHOOLS	1,632	3,096
IN COLLEGES	2,580	4,639
	90,829	148,669

The 1923 budget of the Mexican Government, although it contains provision for the service of the public debt under the Lamont-de la Huerta Agreement, shows a reduction of 36,651,889 pesos over the 1922 budget. In all departments of the Government, except Public Education, Public Health, and Industry and Commerce, slashing reductions were made. The greatest saving was effected in the War Department, which suffered a reduction of 22,283,743 pesos.

The official figures of the two budgets are as follows:

	1922, Pesos	1923, Pesos
LEGISLATIVE	6,454,748.32	6,983,990.50
EXECUTIVE	2,436,195.80	1,627,388.58
JUDICIAL	2,678,142.00	2,785,113.60
GOBERNACION (INTERIOR)	11,671,577.00	10,904,986.00
FOREIGN AFFAIRS	8,450,895.50	6,538,195.00
FINANCE AND PUBLIC CREDIT	36,286,346.28	19,462,505.50
WAR AND NAVY	135,589,075.59	113,305,332.53
PROMOTION AND AGRICULTURE	38,818,155.00	21,238,941.50
COMMUNICATIONS AND PUBLIC WORKS	55,958,457.55	41,510,176.83
INDUSTRY AND COMMERCE	4,764,144.50	5,712,040.00
PUBLIC INSTRUCTION	49,826,716.00	52,362,903.50
PUBLIC HEALTH	3,692,782.05	3,705,214.50
GENERAL SUPPLIES	446,225.00	350,557.50
MILITARY SUPPLIES	20,920,854.09	13,170,859.18
COMPTROLLER	4,337,796.50	4,716,722.00
ATTORNEY GENERAL	1,325,997.25	1,161,792.50
PUBLIC DEBT	383,658,608.43	305,536,719.22
		41,470,000.00
Total	383,658,608.43	347,006,719.22

It is a healthy sign when Mexico cuts down its army appropriation and in three years increases its Public Instruction budget from 9,802,770 pesos in 1921, to 52,362,904 pesos in 1923, or, in other words, from 3.92% to 15.1% of the total Mexican Government expenses.

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Council may be renewed every year, the Councilors being subject to reelection.

The Assembly shall be composed of two representatives from every institution of the University, who shall hold office for two years and who shall be chosen by the professors, students, and higher employees of each institution from among themselves. In the departments and schools, including the Normal School, one of these representatives shall be a student and the other a professor.

Article 6. With the exception of the Rector, all offices referred to in the preceding article shall be honorary.

Article 7. The Rector, Councilors, and Representatives shall have a voice and vote in the General Assembly, which shall draw up measures relating to the programs and regulations of each school, department, or institution, following as far as possible those of the National University of Mexico, but in order that these programs and regulations may be legal, they must be published in the Official Bulletin of the State Government.

Article 8. The Rector and the Councilors shall have a voice and vote in the Council, which, in addition to its functions as Board of Directors of the Assembly, shall be the administrator of the property of the University.

Article 9. The Rector, in addition to his office of presiding over the Council and General Assembly, shall have the duties established for him in the regulations.

Article 10. The University is empowered to acquire and administer property of any kind dedicated to the object of the University.

The property of the University shall include:

(a) The building, furniture, equipment, marketable goods, and other property contained in the Scientific and Literary Institute.

(b) The cabinets, laboratories, libraries, and other property of the Normal School.

(c) Those of the State Public Library.

(d) Those of the Meteorological Observatory.

(e) Those of the Primary and Normal Administration.

(f) The annual appropriation established by law as State subsidy.

(g) All property which may in the future be dedicated to the University.

Article 11. The administration of University property shall be subject to supervision by the Office of Accountancy, which shall inform the Congress in regard to the disposal of funds. In case of placing responsibility, it shall be the duty of the General Assembly to take any measures it may deem necessary with respect to its internal organization.

Article 12. The certificates and degrees issued by the Council in the name of the University shall have all the force and validity required by the laws relating to official institutions.

Article 13. All legal measures conflicting with this law are hereby abrogated.

Amnesty in Mexico

TWO decrees of amnesty were issued in Mexico on December 30, last. The first, "granting amnesty to persons engaged in armed revolt, and to those who have committed crimes of rebellion, sedition, or acts connected therewith," reads:

Article 1. Amnesty is hereby granted for the crime of rebellion and sedition and acts connected therewith which have been committed from the year 1920 up to the date of the publication of this law.

Article 2. The amnesty shall include crimes subject to military jurisdiction which have been committed as part of the crimes mentioned in the preceding article.

Article 3. In case of doubt as to whether a crime of a military or civil nature was connected with, and a necessary part of, crimes of rebellion or sedition, proceedings shall be initiated before the judge who is familiar with such cases, in the presence of the Cabinet and of the interested party, which proceedings shall be subject to the following conditions:

(a) A hearing at which each side shall present its case.

(b) An investigation lasting not longer than two weeks, if either side requests it or if the judge considers it necessary.

(c) A hearing at which the cases shall be summed up and the verdict pronounced.

Article 4. The decisions handed down in such cases shall be subject to appeal as authorized by the Federal Code of Penal Procedure and Military Jurisdiction.

Article 5. In order that amnesty may be obtained by those who are still engaged in armed revolt when the law goes into effect, such persons shall appear before the military chiefs or gov rnors of the states, or, when this is not possible, before the municipal authorities or military subordinates within two weeks dating from the publication of this law, which shall be posted in every municipal building. The military officials, governors, or municipal authorities shall take down the names of those who present themselves, and the day and hour of their appearance, submitting this information as rapidly as possible to the Departments of War and Government Affairs.

The second decree, "granting amnesty to all persons on trial or serving sentences for the crime of rebellion," follows:

Amnesty is hereby granted to all persons who are on this day under trial or serving sentences for the crime of rebellion in any degree; such persons being entitled to liberty on the first day of January of the year 1923, all cases now pending being dismissed and filed.

Business Men on World Affairs

AT the concluding session of the International Chamber of Commerce at Rome on March 24 a resolution was unanimously adopted stating the position of this body of international business men on questions of debts, reparations, exchange, budgets, and credits. The original proposal was made by the American delegates. The text of the resolution follows:

The International Chamber of Commerce recognizes that the continued economic disorder in a large part of the world is not only a dangerous obstacle to the establishment of permanent peace, the elimination of unemployment, and the restoration of normal conditions to millions of people, but also involves the menace of still further unhappy developments. . . .

This chamber declares its conviction that the definite principles which must be observed in securing settlements which the world will accept as representing justice and fair dealing between nations may be summarized as follows:

Reparations

The final disposition of the reparations problem is a condition precedent to permanent improvement of world economic forces. It is imperative that the full extent and moral character of obligations should be recognized and restitution and reparation made to the utmost extent of the debtor's resources, whether internal or external.

It is futile to attempt again to consider the amount of reparations without at the same time establishing such measures as will assure certainty of ultimate settlement and extend reasonable hope for the maintenance of all nations.

The discharge of reparations obligations is not of itself sufficient. It is also essential that confidence should be restored and such security provided that violations of frontiers need no

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longer be feared and that the world be relieved of the burden of unnecessary armaments.

Such security is not only indispensable to the establishment of world peace but it is required to make available international credits necessary to the rehabilitation of commerce and consequently the relative stability of exchange. The savings of the world cannot be mobilized for the investments necessary for reconstruction and development without convincing assurance of established peace.

Inter-Allied Debts

The restoration and further expansion of the commerce and industry upon which the peoples of the world depend for their livelihood and well-being can be carried on successfully when the integrity of obligations is maintained. . . .

While it is true that the Allied debts created by the World War are obligations undertaken in good faith and do not admit of repudiation, nevertheless, as they were contracted in a common cause and during a period of tremendous sacrifice of life and property, a proper factor in any adjustment of such indebtedness should be the present and probable future ability of each debtor. In determining the ability of any debtor nation to pay reasonable consideration should be given to the effect on its present and future earning capacity that may be expected from a sound national budget, together with the savings resulting from the reduction of excessive military expense made possible by the assurance of peaceful conditions, and to the settlement of its claims for reparation and restitution.

Budgets

The attainment of a sound national budget is absolutely requisite to the maintenance of national credit and the stability of exchange. It must contemplate every possible economy in expenditure and must not impose such a burden of taxation as will discourage productive enterprise and cause unemployment.

As a matter of principle, current government expenses should not be met by loans nor by paper currency issues.

International Credits

Inter-governmental loans and credits are undesirable largely because of the political complications which inevitably accompany such transactions.

The elimination of inflation and the attainment of sound national finance are conditions precedent to adequate international credit.

Exchange

Attempts at artificial stabilization of exchange are dangerous and undesirable.

Stabilization of currencies on a gold-value basis should be the ultimate goal.

The International Chamber of Commerce believes that a general economic conference of the nations interested for the final adjustment of these problems is essential and inevitable.

This chamber fully recognizes that it would be inopportune now to propose any suggestions for the settlement of the present situation which exists between the Allied nations and Germany. Yet, believing that at the proper time governments may wish to avail themselves of the practical experience of the business men of the several countries, the chamber agrees to hold itself in readiness to render to the interested nations such assistance as may be desired.

Meanwhile, the International Chamber of Commerce will undertake to promote among the business men, in whose behalf it speaks, continued careful study of all the elements in the international financial problems here reviewed, and it urges upon its members, as well as the governments, the serious consideration of the suggestions herewith respectfully offered. Therefore be it

Resolved, That the council be and hereby is instructed to appoint such committees and to take such action as may be necessary to make effective the purposes herein set forth.

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